

# The Listener

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## Causes of War

### Why War?

By Dr. W. R. INGE

*The first of a symposium of talks in which the causes of war will be analysed from various points of view. Amongst the speakers will be Sir Norman Angell, Lord Beaverbrook, Right Hon. Winston Churchill, Sir Josiah Stamp, and Sir Austen Chamberlain*

A LARGE part of our occupations, when they depend upon our own choice, can be explained only as playing at things which were the serious business of life for our savage ancestors. They hunted and fished to satisfy their hunger; we hunt, shoot and fish to gratify a primitive instinct or a racial habit. They danced orgiastically to placate their gods or to excite their passions; we shuffle slowly about a room to the sound of barbaric music. Similarly, they put on their best finery when they went out to fight their neighbours. This was partly a religious exercise, prepared for by ascetic discipline, partly a desire to seize land, women and slaves, and partly sheer pugnacity, an ancient, but probably not very ancient, instinct, for the most primitive tribes seem not to be very pugnacious. We have largely sublimated pugnacity. In politics we usually count heads instead of breaking them; we play competitive games and watch races. This safety-valve is purely irrational; it never occurs to two teams of footballers that they might score an inconceivable number of goals by co-operation instead of competition. But civilised man occasionally craves for the real thing, hot and strong. Religion is still brought in. The Germans spoke of 'our good old ally, God', and we confidently appeal to the

Deity to frustrate the knavish tricks of whatever Power we are fighting against. The old pageantry of gay uniforms has only quite lately been discarded. Plunder is still hoped for, but it seldom realises much. Pugnacity, at the beginning of a war, needs a good deal of artificial stimulation, but once roused it is as strong as ever.

The irrationality of the whole business is more apparent than ever before. The romance of war has departed, leaving the stark reality more ugly and cruel than words can describe. The great masses of the armies which are hurled against each other have not the slightest cause of enmity, and often have no notion why they are fighting. Nor are the prizes of victory worth having. It is useless to seize territory populated by people of another nation; unwilling subjects are a weakness, not a strength. To exact an indemnity is only to create unemployment at home. And if your best customer and your chief rival happen to own the same head, it cannot be good business to cut that head off.

#### 'There Is No Excuse for Fatalism'

All wars between civilised nations are really civil wars, since they share the same culture and traditions, and usually profess the same religion—the religion, by the way, which began by proclaiming peace on earth and love



as the fulfilling of the law. Old racial habits are not ineradicable; there is no excuse for fatalism. After all, I think Sir Norman Angell said once, we no longer eat our enemies, or sell their children as slaves, or examine witnesses with the thumbscrew, or burn those who wish to attend a different church.

If this were the whole story, the continuance of war could only be accounted for by Carlyle's dictum that men are mostly fools, or by Ruskin's, that they are mostly thieves. But there are other motives which are not so obviously foolish. The peculiar danger is that these give a sort of justification for not discarding an institution which would otherwise be universally condemned as barbarous and absurd. What are these comparatively rational motives?

I put aside the alleged malignant influence of armament firms. The shareholders in these companies are mostly small investors with several other irons in the fire. They have no interest in promoting war; they are not more wicked than other people; and they have no influence on politics. Nor are empires more wicked or more bellicose than republics.

But pressure of population on the means of subsistence, whether it is the cause or the consequence of industrialisation, makes foreign trade, and a supply of raw materials from abroad, essential. Italy has no coal, the United States no rubber, we have no oil, Japan hardly any minerals. Here is a possible motive for aggression. We may ask, 'Why not free trade?' Why not, indeed. But free trade seems as far off as ever.

The wish to stave off revolution at home is a potent cause of wars—perhaps one of the most frequent. But recent history shows that it is a very bad speculation. A nation on the brink of revolution is apt to be beaten, and then woe to its rulers.

#### What of Wars of Conquest in the Past?

A nation which feels itself full of life and energy often has a fit of aggressive imperialism. It persuades itself that it has a mission to spread its beneficent *Kultur*, as the Germans said; to take up the white man's burden, as we said; or to extend to other nations the blessings of liberty, equality, and fraternity, as the French revolutionary armies professed that they meant to do. This mixture of genuine idealism with unavowed baser motives is very dangerous. And before we condemn it entirely we must be prepared to answer such questions as these. Were the Europeans justified in conquering and settling North and South America and Australasia? Ought the Anglo-Saxons to have left the Britons in possession of England? Ought the Hebrews to have invaded Palestine? Do we condemn Greek colonisation and the Roman Empire? Are the Americans and Australians right in keeping Asiatics out of their countries by force? I think we must admit that such questions put the consistent pacifist in a difficult position. And what are we to say of the American Civil War? Were the maintenance of the Union and the abolition of slavery worth four years of fighting and the loss of hundreds of thousands of lives? Was Cavour justified in going to war to unify Italy, and Bismarck to unify Germany? I raise these questions to show that after all the case against war is not always clear.

#### Fear is the Main Cause of Modern War

But the main cause of modern war is unquestionably Fear. When I was in Berlin in 1911 I said to the famous German publicist Hans Delbrück that the ill-feeling between Germany and England was not only regrettable but dangerous. He replied that ill-feeling does not matter much, 'but where there is fear there is danger'. It was mainly fear that drove the nations into war in 1914. The decisive argument in our case was that used by Mr. Asquith to the Cabinet. 'If we do not help the French we shall be left without a friend in the world'. And the plain fact is that these fears are justified. As Theodore Roosevelt said: 'It is idle to make speeches and write essays against

this fear, because at present the fear has a real basis. At present each nation has cause for the fear it feels. Each nation has cause to believe that its national life is in peril unless it is able to take the national life of one or more of its foes, or at least hopelessly to cripple that foe. The causes of fear must be removed, or no matter what peace may be patched up today or what new treaties may be negotiated tomorrow, these causes will at some future day bring about the same results, bring about a repetition of the same awful tragedy'. This sounds brutal, but I am afraid the truth is brutal.

Can the League of Nations remove these hitherto well-grounded fears? At present, as Roosevelt said, no nation is secure unless its possible enemies are not secure against it. This is the crux of the whole problem. Can the League of Nations restrain any great Power which wishes to break the peace? Nations which cannot defend themselves have hitherto found no mercy. To disarm and trust to the good feeling of our neighbours is too much like leaving our houses open at night. There are too many burglars about. Are the leading nations to give pledges to the League that they will declare war if summoned by the League to do so? Are we to promise to take part in another continental war if the Germans try to recover the Polish corridor, if Hungary tries to recover its lost territory, if Japan wishes to consolidate a protectorate over Manchuria? Another war would very likely be the end of Western civilisation, and, as Bishop Creighton said, there is no nation which would be so utterly ruined by an unsuccessful war as Great Britain. It is worse than useless, it is foolish and criminal, to make pledges which we should not redeem if the demand was made. And in my opinion we should not redeem this pledge.

I have given reasons for my belief that the problem of abolishing war is very difficult and complicated. We have to deal with antiquated habits and modes of thinking, with genuine and not ignoble idealisms, and with well-grounded fears, which at present cannot be removed. I do not myself expect another war, because the hideous consequences to all the belligerents can be plainly foreseen, and because it is certain that in the next war all who have anything to lose will lose it. But half-a-dozen unintelligent or reckless politicians may throw the spark into the magazine, as happened twenty years ago.

#### Patriotism is Too Good a Thing to Lose

There is one remedy in which I do not believe—to scrap patriotism altogether, and be citizens of the world. Patriotism is far too good a thing to lose. It is about the purest and noblest emotion of which the ordinary man is capable. And not the ordinary man alone. Did not the thought of the fate of Jerusalem bring the rare tears into the eyes of Christ? Did not St. Paul wish that he might be accursed for his brethren? All through history, have not the greatest men been the greatest patriots? As for those—and there are many of them—who wish to abolish international rivalries only to make room for a sanguinary civil war of classes, the friends of peace may pray to be delivered from such allies. Patriotism may be and can be purified and ennobled; we do not wish to abolish it.

You will expect me to say something about the influence of Christianity on the side of peace. So far, this influence has been disappointingly small. Many people say that 'Christianity has failed'. It has not failed, because it has not been tried. The early Christians thought but little of social reform, because they believed the world was soon coming to an end. The mediæval Church prevented some wars, and caused others. Orthodox Christians ought to keep the peace; but to slaughter heretics and Muslims was to do God service. From the time of Machiavelli to our own day, there has been a shocking assumption that Christian ethics apply only to the individual. The State, which is sometimes almost deified, is a law to itself; the Sermon on the Mount has nothing to do with politics.

(Continued on page 665)



# Persia's Great Epic Poet

By J. V. S. WILKINSON

*All Persia is celebrating the millenary of Firdausi this month, and on the 20th a special Persian programme is to be broadcast. The author of 'The Shah-namah of Firdausi' here briefly outlines the life of the poet and appraises his work*

**F**IRDAUSI was born a thousand years ago; his work, that is to say, is three times as old as Shakespeare; yet all Persians know something of his great poem, which is still recited to enthusiastic listeners in

remote villages, and has never lost its appeal to the nation whose ancient story is its theme. It is questionable whether any poet in any land has had such lasting popularity as he, with the possible exception of Homer.

Unlike Shakespeare's, the story of Firdausi's life is of dramatic interest, though so many legends have grown up about him that it is difficult to disentangle fact from fiction. Abu'l-Kāsim (for 'Firdausi' was not his real name) was born near Tūs in Khurasan, and belonged to a family of small landowners—a class which was distinguished for its conservative patriotism. It happened that a neighbour of Firdausi had undertaken the task of making an epic out of the national annals, and on his death Firdausi was fired with the ambition of carrying on the project, barely started by his predecessor. The necessary patron was not for a time forthcoming, but after various vicissitudes he gained the favour of Sultan Mahmud of Ghazna, the conqueror of India and the most celebrated ruler of the age. At Mahmud's

Court the final version of the poem was finished, after some forty years' labour, the poet being accommodated, it is said, in a room adorned with pictures of the national heroes and their enemies.

Firdausi was now about eighty years old, but he must have preserved the fire of his youth. For when Mahmud, on the completion of the poem, gave him a mere fraction of the promised reward, Firdausi went to the bath, and on coming out presented the whole reward to the bath attendant and a seller of ale. Then, fleeing from Ghazna to escape the Sultan's wrath, he wrote a bitter satire on his patron, the point of which lay in the lines declaring that a king of slave lineage—as Mahmud actually was—could not be expected to behave with generosity.

Ultimately Mahmud repented of his action and ordered that a large present of indigo should be sent to Firdausi, with his apologies. But it was too late. As the camels entered at one of the city's gates, the poet's corpse was being borne out from



Rustam, depicted as usual in a leopard-skin headdress, lifts the Turanian Afrasiyab out of the saddle with one hand (from an early fifteenth-century MS.)

another. The story goes on to say that the gift of indigo was then offered to Firdausi's daughter, but she was too proud to accept it, and it was used instead for the repair of a travellers' rest-house.



Firdausi's death, which occurred when he was about ninety years old, is said to have been occasioned by his hearing a child's voice reciting his famous satire in the market-place.

Here are some verses from the satire, as translated, in a metre somewhat similar to the original, by the late Professor Browne:

Long years this Shah-nama I toiled to complete,  
That the King might award me some recompense meet,  
But naught save a heart wrung with grief and despair  
Did I get from those promises empty as air!  
Had the sire of the King been some Prince of renown,  
My forehead had surely been graced by a crown!  
Were his mother a lady of high pedigree,  
In silver and gold had I stood to the knee!  
But being by birth not a prince but a boor,  
The praise of the noble he could not endure!

The Shah-nama is an immensely long poem, containing not less than 60,000 rhyming couplets, and written throughout in the same metre, the form of which, indicated in the quotation given above, is, more precisely

o — / o — / o — / o —

These endless rhyming couplets are monotonous, but they are sonorous and majestic, well adapted for epic purposes, and they certainly have a stirring effect upon Persian audiences.

The subject of the poem is the whole of the Persian national legend, from the beginning of the world down to historical times, ending with the Arab conquest of Persia in the seventh century, and the downfall of the last king of the Sasanian dynasty. As a historian there is evidence that the poet followed his sources faithfully, but most of his poem is mythical, or at the best semi-historical, and as a matter of fact he is at his best before he reaches historical times. In a sense, the main theme is the age-long feud between Iran and Turan, the Persian and the Turkish races, but behind this is the perpetual motive of the conflict between the powers of Good and Evil, a conflict emphasised by the habitual use of the language of the old Zoroastrian faith, rather than that of orthodox Islam. The whole poem is permeated by a strongly religious tone, a deep reverence for Providence and a sense of human mortality.

But though elevated and majestic, it is packed with lively incidents of fighting, hunting, feasting, love-making, treachery, sorcery, and sheer fairy-tales of dragons, strange beasts, and monstrous birds. Many of the stories

are intensely dramatic, such as the moving episode, well known to English readers from Matthew Arnold's poem, of Suhrab and Rustam, in which Rustam fights a duel with his son, whom he wounds mortally, only discovering his identity when it is too late to save him. There are a number of love-romances, the greatest of which is the exquisite story of the courtship of Rudaba, daughter of the King of Kabul, by Zal. Rudaba, like the maiden in the European fairy-tale, lets down her hair for Zal to climb up to her tower; but in the Shah-nama version Zal refuses to commit such a sacrilege, and climbs up instead by means of a lasso. The exploits of Rustam—the chief hero of the epic—who is the child of this union, take up a large part of the poem. He is a well-defined character, of enormous strength, a huge eater and drinker, who takes a meal off a whole wild ass. He is good-natured and somewhat lazy, going to sleep at inconvenient times, when his marvellous charger, Rakhsh, or 'Lightning', protects him against all attackers. Rakhsh himself is hardly less interesting than his master. He accompanies him in all his adventures, and shares, in the end, his tragic death.

The characterisation in general is on broad lines, the heroes being robust idealised Persians, pleasure-loving, brave, given to making long speeches, courteous, fond of sport, feasting, and love-adventures. All have a fair share of self-esteem. Among the women there are several attractive and graceful characters, though they play, on the whole, secondary parts. Many of the battle-scenes are narrated with great fire.

The defects of the poem, judged by rigid critical rules, are plentiful. It is very loosely constructed, it is full of repetitions and of stock similes and phrases, and the poet continually inserts moral reflections and irrelevant details. Sometimes Firdausi commits a flagrant anachronism, as, for instance, when he speaks of the Christian religion as flourishing, with its clergy and ceremonial, in the time of Alexander the Great, or three hundred centuries before Christ. He gives two separate accounts of the introduction of the game of chess, in one of which the chess board contains 64 squares, and in the other, 100.

Apart, however, from its qualities as a work of literary art, the Shah-nama's value is immense as a store-house of ancient folk-lore, and its antiquarian interest—enshrining as it does the whole legendary history of an ancient race—is inexhaustible. Philologically, as the creation of the chief poet of the Persian literary renaissance of the tenth century, the poem occupies a unique position, especially as Firdausi



Isfandiyar slays two horned and tusked wolves





Rustam's son mourning over the coffins of his father and uncle (both this and the illustration on the opposite page are from an MS. dated 1429-30, now at Teheran)

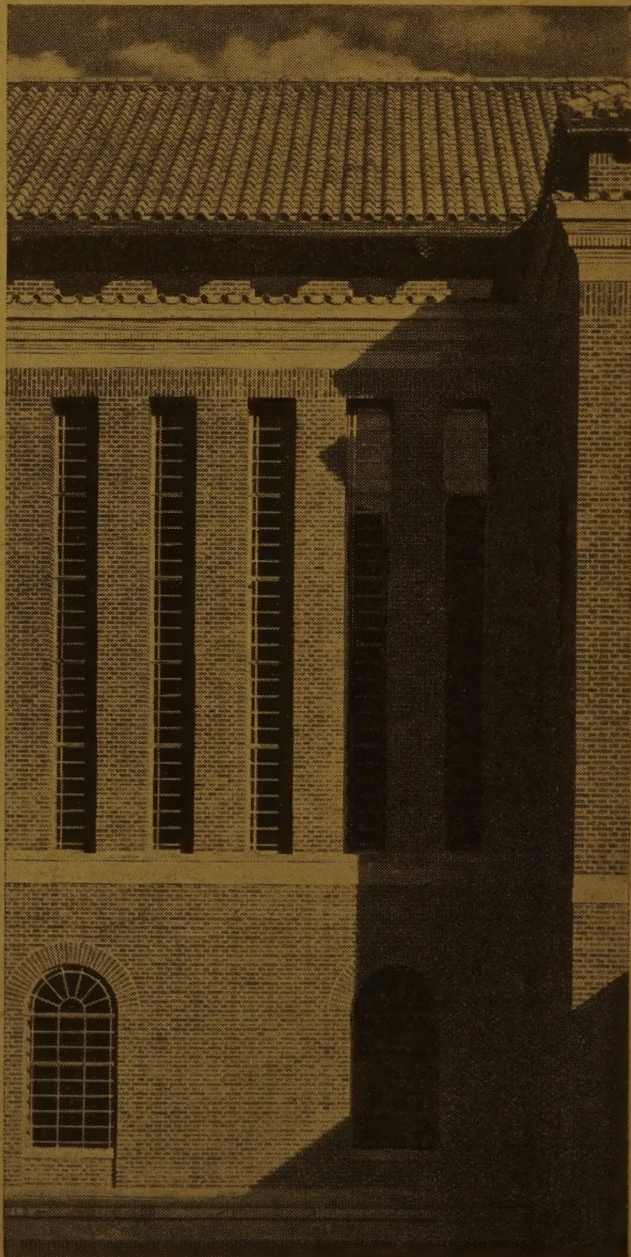
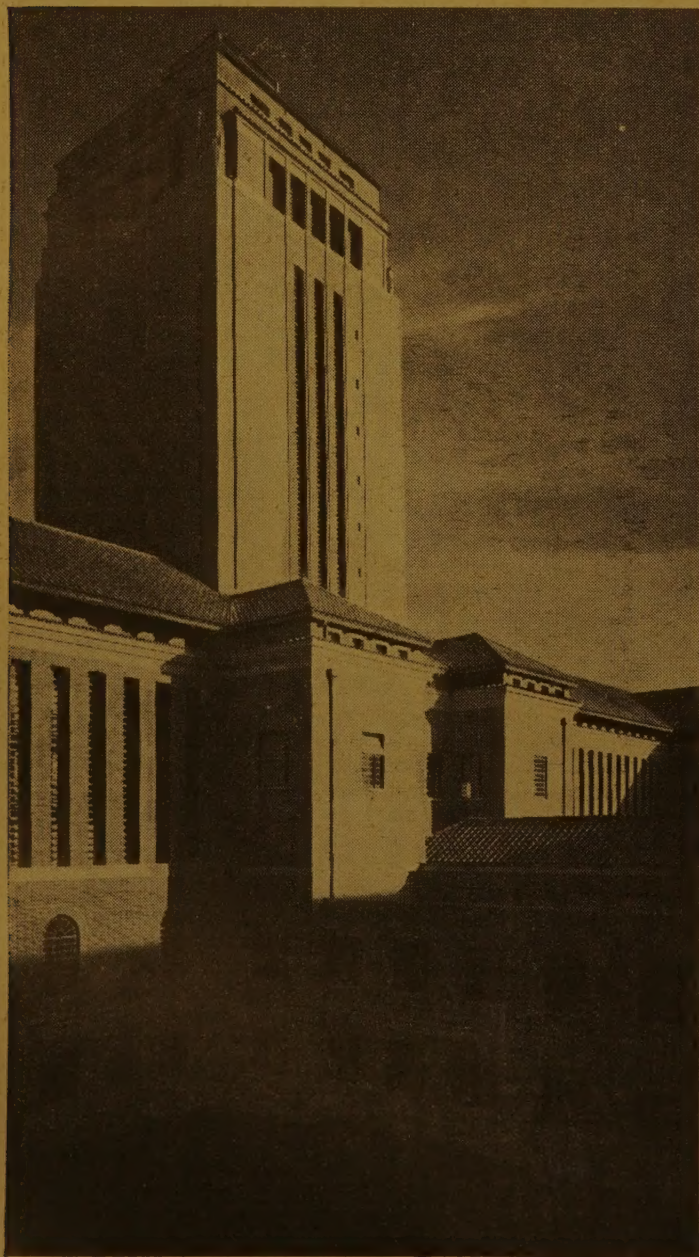


avoided imported Arabic words as far as possible. The Shah-nama has had, too, a great influence on Islamic literature as a whole, an influence not confined to Persia. It has served as the model for all subsequent epics, whether historical in intention or meant as tributes of flattery to particular rulers. It has also influenced prose literature, having been several times abridged, extracts being strung together on a prose narrative, while prose versions taken from, or founded on, its stories are fairly common. It has probably been more often illustrated than any other Islamic book, and the whole history of Islamic painting can be studied in the miniatures to the various copies of this work which were produced at all periods.

The Shah-nama has been translated into several European languages, the complete English translation, by the Warners (published by Kegan Paul), being one of the best. But the poem does not, to tell the truth, bear translation well. Readers who wish to acquaint themselves with the details of the stories can do so in Miss Helen Zimmern's excellent paraphrase *Heroic Tales*—now, unfortunately, out of print. Miss Pavey's *Heroines of Ancient Persia* (Cambridge University Press) retells some of the best episodes in which women are concerned, and the present writer summarised a number of the stories in *The Shah-namah of Firdausi*, published a few years ago by the Oxford University Press, and illustrated from miniatures in a celebrated manuscript.

## The New Cambridge Library

On October 22 the King will open the new Cambridge University Library, designed by Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, and partly financed by a magnificent donation from the Rockefeller Foundation. Editorial reference will be found on page 636



Two views of the new Library; on the left is the great tower which dominates the building

Photographs by courtesy of the 'Architectural Review'



# Troubled Europe

## The Situation in Spain

Broadcast on October 8

THIS LAST CRISIS IN SPAIN is not a mere question of rival political leaders struggling for the fruits of office. It is due to essential differences of doctrine and policy. Almost from the inception of the Republic, over and above party differences one could distinguish two views: the first, that the Republic is for Republicans only; the second, that the Republic is Spain, and must include all Spaniards, whatever their religion and whatever their political opinions. The present situation is largely due to an attempt to apply in practice this second point of view.

The present Government is based on a coalition of Conservative and Centre forces. Of these Senor Gil Robles' group of 110 deputies in the Cortes is the most considerable. Then come the 76 Radicals of Senor Lerroux, the present Prime Minister, and the 50 to 60 Agrarians. To these must be added the 12 Reformists of Senor Alvarez, and the 20 representatives of the Catalan Right Wing. Grouped against this coalition of 270 supporters of the present Government are roughly 180 members of the Opposition. Of these the Socialists, with 60 seats in the Parliament, are by far the most numerous, and certainly possess more political importance than their mere numbers suggest, because to some extent they also represent the Syndicalists, who boycotted the last election, and are not represented in the Cortes. Labour in Spain is deeply divided. That was the Parliamentary position that confronted the President, Senor Zamora. He decided by calling Senor Lerroux, on an inclusive rather than on an exclusive policy of a strictly constitutional character.

Since yesterday it is no exaggeration to say that all men of goodwill in Spain, with the exception of the Socialists, have grouped themselves round the head of the State and rallied to the Presidential policy. It may sound perhaps paradoxical that this policy of bringing together the most important Parliamentary factions should have resulted in excluding the largest

sector, namely, the Socialists—which, moreover, represents some of the big towns, like Madrid, in the Spanish Parliament. That is the tragedy of the whole situation. It is due to a large extent to the folly and political incompetence of that Party—to which high-minded and intellectually honest men belong. But they refuse to see reason, and, faced with a situation in which they could have played an invaluable part of a critical, even destructive, but always Parliamentary opposition, they have made themselves responsible for disorder and bloodshed which could easily have been avoided.

But to understand what has happened still another factor must be considered. You have heard about what has happened in Barcelona to the short-lived Catalan Republic which was to be one in the Union of Spanish Republics, and which surrendered unconditionally to General Badet. Actually only one cannon-shot was fired, and the Catalan leaders surrendered to avoid bloodshed. At this moment the whole Catalan Government is either in prison or has fled. Normal conditions will quickly re-establish themselves everywhere in the Peninsula, and it is seen that even when the situation looks blackest, the interruption of traffic and communications was only partial. Let me insist on the good that may come of what must have seemed nothing but senselessness to the average Englishman. The President of the Spanish Republic acted exactly according to his constitutional oath. The Constitution is young, it needs interpretation and practice in its application, that practice which takes long to acquire. At this moment all men of judgment and political sensibility, from the moderate Right to the moderate Left, have approved his policy, his loyalty and courage. Enlightened opinion agrees that the President's policy of allowing the biggest Party in the Parliament a share in the Government has strengthened the Republican regime.

A. C. R. PASTOR

## Yugoslavia's Loss

Part of an appreciation broadcast on October 9, the evening of the assassinations in Marseilles

KING ALEXANDER OF YUGOSLAVIA was one of the most notable figures in modern Balkan history. He was born in 1888, the second son of Prince Peter of the House of Karageorgevitch in Montenegro. In 1914, King Peter's health broke down and Alexander was appointed Regent. He was thus Commander-in-Chief when the Austrians declared war on Serbia on July 28, 1914, the beginning of the Great War. During the first two victorious campaigns he never left his troops and afterwards shared with them the horrors of the great retreat through Albania to the coast, when Serbia was abandoned to the enemy. He was just recovering at this time from a serious operation, but he refused to leave the army, and made the terrible journey over the mountains on foot. When the Serbian Army was reorganised and sent to the Macedonian Front, he went with it, and under his leadership it was the spearhead of the attack which broke the enemy lines, and paved the way for the great disaster of the Central Powers on the Balkan Front.

The peace settlement recognised the creation of the greater Serbia, the new Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes. After centuries of separation the various Southern Slav peoples were gathered within one frontier. The problems which confronted Alexander were many and difficult. The burning patriotism that at long last had realised southern Slav unity gave place to political quarrels and internal strife. Alexander succeeded his father in 1921, and a year later married Princess Marie of Rumania. By calling his second son Tomislav, an old Royal name of Croatia, he won the affection and loyalty of the Croat people for the dynasty. As the quarrel of Serbs and Croats became more bitter, and the corruption and incompetence of the Democratic regime more obvious, the King in 1929 took the bold and much

criticised step of abolishing the constitution and creating what was virtually an absolutist regime. At the same time he made a bold attempt to solve the internal dispute between his peoples by abolishing the old national boundaries, and declaring the kingdom should be called Yugoslavia. The name proclaimed unity, but unity was not established. The Croats and Slovenes felt themselves to be governed by the Serbs, and the King and his ministers had to face conspiracy and attempts at a rebellion. The severity with which they replied to these internal dissensions provoked critical comment in Western Europe. Yet the King never wavered in his belief that not only did he symbolise unity, but that he could realise it. So successful was he, that three years ago he established a new constitution. It was democratic in form but the ultimate power remained in his hands. The step was successful, though there still remained a powerful opposition.

Latterly, to all intents and purposes, the King was his own Foreign Minister. He boldly embarked on a policy of reconciliation with the old enemy, Bulgaria. The recent visit of King Boris to Belgrade, and King Alexander's own visit to Sofia, seemed to have set the seal on a new friendship. He had come to France to discuss the burning problems of Balkan and Central Europe, in which, as a member of the Little Entente, Yugoslavia is supremely interested. There were hopes, too, of more cordial relations with Italy as a result of the visit.

A soldier of distinction, and personally without fear, he recognised the importance for his country of peace, and had striven hard to realise a new unity in Eastern Europe. These hopes, and his hopes for his country, have now been suddenly blasted, and Yugoslavia may well mourn a sovereign who has died in her service, and who, whatever faults of political judgment he may have made, deserved well of her.





# The Listener

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## Workers' Insurance

HOW many people realise the extent of the business now proceeding under the title of Industrial Assurance? Although in terms of individual contracts it might appear insignificant—the average weekly payment amounting to 2½d. and the average sum assured to £14 8s.—yet by the end of 1930 over eighty million policies were in force in Great Britain and Ireland and the total annual premiums income amounted to over fifty-four million pounds. And this huge sum of money is subscribed almost entirely by the working classes, whose average total annual purchase of National Savings Certificates falls short of it by twenty-five per cent. It is natural to ask therefore whether they are investing their money wisely and whether a business which has to be conducted in a legal language, quite possibly misleading to even the thriftiest and canniest among them, may not sometimes lead to their undoing. Evidence of distress caused by unwise investments of this sort, and the extraordinary rate of development in a business which could in the last ten years of unprecedented economic depression actually increase its annual premiums income by fifty per cent., led the Government to appoint a Commission of Enquiry, whose report was duly published last July\*. And now to follow this up, a wireless discussion of the subject between Sir Arnold Wilson, M.P., and the Chairman of the Prudential Assurance Company, Sir Joseph Benn, will take place on the 27th of this month.

The immense business of industrial assurance is transacted to an overwhelming extent by fifteen organisations, involving, so the Report indicates, 'excessive competition with its almost feverish pressure for increase' which has been responsible for many defects. For the purpose of canvassing new business and collecting the weekly dividends—often, no doubt, a none too easy job—fifty-two thousand agents are maintained in full-time employment. The importance of these agents to the companies concerned is indicated by the fact that the cost of their maintenance is usually more than thirty-five per cent. of the dividends they collect, sometimes over fifty per cent. Such figures introduce the important question whether unfair pressure is employed to secure business. Why, too, is it usually women who take out the policies, and why do they so frequently do so without the knowledge of those whose

lives they assure thereby? The Report furnishes us with one striking example of this sort. A small tradesman brought into the Ashton-under-Lyme bankruptcy court was discovered to be paying premiums to the amount of 9s. a week, representing eighteen policies on the lives of himself and members of his family. When asked why he should be paying premiums on his grandfather's life, he replied: 'I thought it would come in handy if anything happened', and when pressed as to whether the assured relatives might be expected to hold this view too, he replied: 'They don't know'. Such activities surely resemble gambling rather than thrift.

The predominant contract in industrial assurance is the 'whole-life' policy, providing for a payment on the death of the life assured. Of the eighty million policies in existence, sixty-seven million are of this type and the balance of thirteen million is largely made up of endowment assurances and endowments. The reason for this is not far to seek. Even when the sum falling due at the death of a relative only amounts to about £14, it is enough to cover the funeral expenses and to save the wife or daughter from the immediate anxieties of such a time. It is upon such given necessities as these that the bulk of the business rests. Moreover, we are faced with the fact that, whether from misunderstanding of the legal language of the contracts, or from loss of employment, or from sheer bad luck, 'of the ten million policies issued in 1929, over four and three quarter million lapsed (through failure to keep up the payment of the dividends), with complete loss of premiums paid'. It is estimated in the Report that 'the owners of the policies lapsing in each year pay in the aggregate not less than one million pounds in premiums in excess of the cost of assurance "cover" which they receive'. Nor is this the only complaint of policy conditions. Some owners of policies complain that even when they have paid in premiums considerably more than the sums assured, they must nevertheless continue to pay until the death of the life assured or else accept in exchange a wholly inadequate free policy. Such are some of the major problems upon which we may expect further enlightenment on the 27th, and as they directly affect two out of every three people in Great Britain, the broadcast discussion should arouse great interest.

## Week by Week

TWO centuries ago the Cambridge University Library was still contained in a single room. It was King George I who launched it on its career of expansion with that gift of thirty thousand volumes satirised in a famous Oxford epigram:

King George, observing with judicious eyes  
The state of both his Universities,  
To Oxford sent a troop of horse—and why?  
That Learned Body wanted Loyalty.  
To Cambridge books he sent; as well discerning  
How much that Loyal Body wanted Learning.

On October 22, King George V will carry on the good work by opening the new Library—partly financed by a magnificent donation from the Rockefeller Foundation—which replaces its long overcrowded predecessor. Built by Sir Giles Gilbert Scott on the side of the Backs away from Cambridge, it dominates Cambridgeshire for miles around with the gigantic tower which rises high above the hushed Babel of works upon its shelves, where *Comic Cuts* lies with the *Codex Bezae* and the latest Bradshaw shares the same roof as manuscripts from ancient China. Under the Italian skies of this summer the modern austerity of its mountainous walls of reddish brick has recalled at moments the Baths of Diocletian or the Castello of Verona. Some enemies of modernity, indeed, pretend that the Gothic pinnacles of King's have been heard exchanging headshakes with Wren's Library at Trinity over this novel leviathan rising across the river; certainly the Great Gate of St. John's has been in danger of collapse. And old gentlemen have been seen looking for their old books in the palatial corridors of their

\*Report of the Committee on Industrial Assurance and Assurance on the Lives of Children under Ten Years of Age. H.M. Stationery Office. 2s.



new home, as bewildered as if they had just awakened in some Cosmopolis of A.D. 2034. For the interior is as modern as the outside. Seven lifts will now whirl the scholar to the giddiest heights of learning. A tea-room will enable him to interleave the driest folio with buttered toast. Electric light, largely absent in the old Library, will illuminate him; a telephone connect him with the living world. Outside, a car-park is provided for those modern sons of Erudition who would leave Bentley and Porson, staring and bewildered, far behind them. And yet all is not new. It was in leisurely horse-drawn waggons, all this summer, that these fifteen hundred thousand volumes performed their admirably organised journey. And whatever else is changed, the old pride of the Cambridge University Library remains—that priceless privilege which allows the reader to browse at his lonely will along miles of open shelves, instead of waiting, as in other great libraries, like a hungry Elijah for some erratic raven of an assistant to bring him his daily ration of reading-matter.

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The Motor Show, amid all the other motoring controversies to which the new models will afford new fuel, will revive the demand for more agreement among manufacturers about the relative positions of the foot-brake and the accelerator, and whether the emergency hand-brake shall be pushed forward or pulled back. When those questions were aired in the columns of *The Times* in August there were motorists who denied that any accidents were likely through a driver used to one make of car finding himself doing the wrong thing in another. It is true that in most cases the foot is on the accelerator at the time of the emergency and so is not likely to find the accelerator when feeling for the brake. But that hand-brakes ought all to work on the same principle is a much harder argument for the champions of structural dissimilarity to answer. Haphazard arrangements in the past and the natural reluctance of the makers of popular cars to modify, often with great difficulty, their present models, make it very difficult to suggest some minimum standards of uniformity. But it ought to be recognised that the gain to learners of the typewriter from the existence of a standard keyboard is a gain which novices in the more momentous task of driving a motor do not enjoy, although they would greatly benefit by it. Perhaps the use of a combined brake and accelerator pedal, as an easy means of avoiding confusion, will be the simplest way out for people who are quite reasonably afraid of pressing the wrong one of two adjoining pedals.

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One of the objects of the 1932 Town and Country Planning Act was to establish some sort of control over elevations; and the machinery it provided for this purpose was the section empowering any local authority to refuse to pass any plan which, in their opinion, would be injurious to the locality. Supplementing this power in certain districts was the local Advisory Panel, established under the joint auspices of the R.I.B.A. and the C.P.R.E., in order to help authorities to control the activities of those builders who do without architects. Unfortunately several incidents this year have shown only too clearly that these powers can be as effective to obstruct good architecture as bad speculative building. The most notable of these incidents occurred at Ruislip where an enterprising speculative builder, departing from the tradition of his trade, engaged a firm of highly reputable architects to design some houses 'in advance of ordinary suburban development so far as economy in upkeep, durability, and standard of living are concerned'. The result was a plan for two semi-detached houses, flat-roofed, concrete built, admirably fulfilling the purposes of modern living and estimated to sell, with land, at £995. The design was submitted to the Council in the usual way and turned down on the grounds that it would be 'injurious to the neighbourhood'—a neighbourhood already overrun with imitations of Tudor houses and old-world cottages. When the builder protested, the Council's decision was upheld by the local Advisory Panel, which added to its report a condemnation of reinforced concrete as a material for domestic work. This last point was quickly disposed of at the subsequent arbitration; and after negotiations lasting the whole summer the Ruislip Council has at last agreed to accept the designs, subject to one alteration, and has also passed a second design by the same architects without criticism. But in the meantime, similar cases have cropped up elsewhere—for example, another architect has had

his design for a simple concrete house rejected by the local Council because it had not a pitched roof. The common factors in all these cases are that a body of men not expert in architectural matters have condemned the work of reputable architects on purely æsthetic grounds; and that when they have called in professional opinion, this has taken the form of a declaration in favour of one, or in condemnation of another, particular style of building. This latter difficulty has now been removed by the action of the R.I.B.A. which, in a letter to Secretaries of Panels, has clearly limited their functions to advice on buildings that are definitely 'illiterate and injurious'—which come, that is, below the level of the work of any reputable architect, whether that architect be die-hard or go-ahead—and not to opinion on matters of style and taste. If the Panel system were universally in force, therefore (and we believe Sir Hilton Young agrees that it should be), there would now be little further danger of the kind of obstruction we have quoted—but until it is, there will probably be more setbacks to the cause of good planning and design.

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A League of Audiences has come into being with the object of encouraging plays and concerts, by obtaining for them government subsidies, and in more general ways. The League is very widely backed by men and women distinguished in the arts of the drama and music, who feel that public money which is chiefly spent with universal approval on museums and libraries and picture-galleries ought also to be used for encouraging performances 'by performers present in person before their audiences'. The League quotes, as it certainly can, the respected testimony of broadcasting authorities to the importance of maintaining the old direct contact between performer and audience. The microphone, with its unique power of spreading entertainment, does not claim to be able to educate and stimulate performers as a visible audience does. Broadcasting has everything to gain from the success of the League in achieving its objects, perhaps by other means than government loans to approved performances. There is no doubt that many forms of direct performance are suffering from the new facilities. There is a danger of familiarity breeding indifference as well as understanding. The League might usefully recall the very successful experiments of Ernest Schelling in New York, in building up a child public by special concerts for children which inculcated them with an interest which remained. Similar enterprises have flourished in London in the world of music; but for the theatre it is harder to catch the interest of the rising generation as it rises.

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Our Scottish correspondent writes: The 73rd annual exhibition of the Royal Glasgow Institute of the Fine Arts, now open, is a singularly blameless aggregation of pictures, with the bulk of the performers content to move comfortably along the lines laid down by the pioneers of the Glasgow School fifty years ago. The general tone of it is perhaps best suggested by the nature of those loan exhibits that are supposed to improve the public standards of appreciation. As well as Constable's big 'Dedham Lock' there is Sargent at his glossiest with one of the Wertheimer girls. With a smooth Orchardson, 'The Young Duke', there goes Ford Madox Brown's pathetic 'The Last of England—Emigrants Leaving Home, 1852'—every picture telling a story with exact particularity. It is an odd decline in adventurousness, or, rather, an unwillingness to advance that has in Glasgow some odd social factors behind it. For decades on end the native artist could exist comfortably enough on a wealthy commercial class with quite a decent taste for those pictures, mainly of landscape atmospherically treated, that were the typical product of the Glasgow School, and for etchings; and while the brave days of the community's prosperity are gone and even tea-room proprietors can no longer afford to cover their walls with Hornels and George Houstons, the Art Union is always there to save the situation for the faithful and, one dares to say, to discourage the iconoclastic. The fact is that what is enterprising in modern Scottish art is more likely to be allowed to display itself at the Royal Scottish Academy in Edinburgh than at the Glasgow Institute since the former, though an academy with many of an academy's typical limitations, is free from the prejudices that spring out of purely local conditions. On the whole, however, the young Scots painter of originality now looks most naturally to London. It seems quite certain that Glasgow, for one bright space one of the art capitals of Europe, will never be that again.



*A Tour Through Space and Time*

# Our Window Into Space—The Night Sky

By SIR JAMES JEANS

**M**ANY of the planets are covered in with thick clouds. If men like ourselves lived on these planets, they would never be able to see anything beyond the clouds—there could be no astronomers on these planets. We on earth are fortunate in having a transparent atmosphere, which provides us with a wonderful window into space.

Night after night we can gaze through our window and study the pageant of the heavens—stars bright and faint

earth itself turning round beneath our feet and carrying us with it. This is shown most simply in the well-known pendulum experiment of Foucault. The laws of mechanics tell us that a weight set swinging at the end of a string keeps swinging in the same direction in space. We find, however, that it does not keep swinging in the same direction on the earth's surface, from which we deduce that the earth is itself turning round in space.

Another, but less simple demonstration of the same thing is provided by the trade-winds. As you know, these are to be found near the equator, where they continually blow from east to west. If the earth were standing still in space, there would be no reason why these winds should blow from the east rather than from the west. But the earth is not standing still in space; it is continually turning eastward under an atmosphere which does not fully pick up its motion—there is always a certain amount of drag, as in a car with a slipping clutch. The result is that the atmosphere itself seems to be moving westward over the surface of the earth. In regions where the trade-winds blow, it is easier to sail westward than eastward. In sailing westward, we have only to hoist our sails into the atmosphere and let the earth and ocean slip by under our feet—the west, so to speak, comes to us of its own accord—but in sailing east we have to overtake the earth in its motion.



moving across the sky from east to west in an endless procession. Yet the stars are not endless in number; they are like a stage army which crosses the stage only to retrace its steps behind the scenes, and then reappears again before the public. We find the same stars coming round time after time in the same orders and positions, about once every twenty-four hours, and the same sun and moon crossing the heavens day after day at approximately the same interval.

Many of the ancient Egyptians and Greeks imagined that a new sun was born every morning to cross the sky by day and disappear in the west at eventide, never to return. Then a more sophisticated age realised that there was only one sun which in some way passed from west to east at night, and so came back day after day, and that the same was true of the moon and stars. This led in time to a belief that sun, moon and stars were all fastened to hollow spheres which turned round the earth. The stars were believed to be spangled over the outermost sphere of all. This covered in the earth as a dish-cover covers a dish, and—as an early Greek writer expressed it—turned round the earth 'as one might turn one's cap round on one's head'.

We know now that the nightly pageant of the stars is not caused by anything turning round above our heads, but by the



Bowen Island, British Columbia, photographed by ordinary light (above) and by infra-red light (below). In the former photograph the haziness of the air is accentuated; in the latter it is almost eliminated

By courtesy of Messrs. Ilford, Ltd.

Let us study our window itself—the atmosphere—for a moment. When we look upwards on a clear night or a cloudless day, it is hard to believe that the window is not perfectly transparent. Yet it is not; in many ways it is far from transparent.

We all know the yellow colour-filters that photographers put in front of the lenses of their cameras. We say that these



give a yellowish tinge to the light, but what they really do is to keep out all light that does not already possess a yellowish tinge. Sunlight and daylight are blends of lights of various colours, and the yellow colour-filter keeps out all constituents except those of yellow or yellowish colour. For instance the light from a blue flower, a delphinium or an aster, is almost pure blue; it contains very little of yellow or yellowish light—so that if we photograph a blue flower through a yellow colour-filter, it will look quite dark—perhaps almost black. It is the same with the light of the blue sky; if we photograph a landscape through a yellow filter the blue sky looks dark—this is why the white clouds stand out so vividly.

Now suppose that a spider made its home inside a camera to which a yellow colour-filter was attached. Its window into space would be the camera lens, but it could not look through this, without looking through the yellow filter as well. It would see a yellow or yellowish world, in which all colours entirely different from yellow would be lacking. If one day the photographer took the colour screen off his camera, the spider would see a new world, vivid with many new colours, and brighter and fairer than anything it had ever imagined.

### Colours to Which We Are All Blind

The spider with the yellow filter for ever between its eyes and the world outside is like ourselves, for our window into space is covered over with a layer of gas, ozone, which filters out certain colours of light altogether. Yet in another way we are unlike the spider. For if this filter of ozone-gas was suddenly removed, we should see no new colours, and no added vividness to the light we already see. The new colours would be there all right, but we should not see a single one of them—we are colour-blind to them all.

We—and our ancestors for millions of years back—have gradually climbed the long ladder of life, starting from the minute invertebrate eyeless and earless creatures I mentioned in my first talk. We have gradually acquired, improved and perfected our organs of sight as we found need for them and opportunities to exercise them—but never, in all these hundreds of millions of years of development have our eyes encountered light of the colours of which I am now speaking—the colour-filter of ozone has relentlessly excluded them. As we have never seen these colours we have not even any names for them, although the physicist in his laboratory can describe them and has instruments with which to detect them. If the colour-filter of ozone were suddenly removed, these instruments would disclose the fact at once. So would the skins of our bodies. We should become browner and browner, until at last we became quite black—burnt up by the new light—at least if we survived for so long, for I do not think we should live for long if all the rays of the sun fell upon us. Thus this layer of ozone fulfils the important function—for us—of keeping us alive.

All the new colours I have spoken of can be described under the general term 'ultra-violet'—beyond the violet. We are all familiar with the ordinary spectrum of sunlight, such as we see, for instance, in the rainbow or on the patch of dewy grass. In this we see the light of the sun broken up into its various constituent colours. The spectrum extends from red at one end to violet at the other. But if the ozone layer did not cut off so much of the sun's radiation, it would extend far beyond the violet—into the 'ultra-violet' range of colours.

If we could equip ourselves with eyes to see all colours, and could momentarily pass beyond the ozone layer, a wonderful sight would greet our eyes. The stars would appear incomparably brighter and more vivid than they do now with the ozone layer cutting off the greater part of their radiation. And their colours would be incomparably more varied. Just as our spider looking through the yellow filter would see only a yellow world, so we looking through our ozone filter see only a white world. It would not, of course, be true to say that we can distinguish no differences of colour at all through our ozone filter, but the range of colours we can detect is quite small compared with the vast range known to nature. If the ozone filter were removed, or if we could soar above it, we should see stars of all colours, including the unnamed and unfamiliar ultra-violet colours, lying spangled like very vivid and very varied jewels over the velvet blackness of the sky.

### Destructive Properties of Ultra-Violet Light

This ultra-violet light has very definite physical properties, mostly of a destructive nature. It not only burns our skins,

but it breaks up molecules of gas, tearing off electrons which can then move independently of the molecules of gas to which they originally belonged. When a gas is in this condition it is able to conduct electricity, since each detached electron can run about freely, and transport its minute electric charge as it does so.

If there were no layer of ozone to screen off the ultra-violet light, it is quite likely that our whole atmosphere would conduct electricity, much as a sheet of metal does. We should hardly be able to use electricity in any shape or form, since our atmosphere would conduct it away as quickly as it was generated. Our wireless sets would be useless, since wireless waves cannot pass through a conductor. With things as they are, only the upper layers of our atmosphere conduct electricity, and it is this that makes long-distance wireless possible. Wireless waves, like other forms of radiation, travel in straight lines. They could not bend round the earth unless there was something to bend them. Now the conducting layers of the earth's atmosphere are able to bend these rays; they act like a huge mirror poised in the sky perhaps seventy miles above the earth. When wireless waves strike on this, they cannot penetrate it to any extent—the majority are reflected back to earth, and it is by these reflected waves that a listener hears a distant wireless station.

It is interesting to consider the process in some detail. I am speaking through the Droitwich aerials, on a carrier wave which is technically described as being of 200 kilocycles frequency. This means in plain language that electrons are running backwards and forward 200,000 times every second through the metallic aerials 700 feet up in the air at Droitwich. As these electrons move, they send out electromagnetic waves in all directions. Some of these fall on the conducting layers of air 70 miles up in the atmosphere, and make the electrons up there run to and fro 200,000 times every second. Again, the motion of these electrons sends out electromagnetic waves in all directions. Some of these will travel back earthwards, and may fall upon a receiving aerial or wireless set. When they do this, the electrons here are again made to run to and fro, still at the same rate of 200,000 times a second. If the set is tuned to a frequency of 200 kilocycles, their motion will be amplified enormously by the valves, and my voice will be heard as I speak. You will see what a complicated process it is—electrons making waves, and waves moving electrons which make more waves time after time—and it is the presence of the ozone layer that makes it possible.

### Tremendous Weight of the Atmosphere

I must mention still another property of our window into space. When our barometer points to 30 inches, it means that the atmosphere above us weighs the same as a lake of mercury 30 inches deep. This, again, is the same as the weight of several thousands of ordinary woollen blankets, each a quarter of an inch thick. We should not expect to see much through even one blanket; still less through thousands, so that it may seem rather surprising that we can see anything at all through our window into space.

The atmosphere consists of a vast number of tiny objects—molecules of air, minute particles of water-vapour, specks of dust, and so forth. Each of these presents something of an obstacle to a ray of light, but a very ineffective obstacle. A small boat moored out at sea may check tiny ripples on the surface of the water—reflecting and scattering them in all directions, but the big waves and breakers pass it by almost unchecked: they recombine behind it and proceed on their way almost as though the boat were not there. The same principle applies to waves of light. These are so big, compared with the particles of dust and molecules of air in the atmosphere, that they pass through millions of them practically unchecked—checked about as much perhaps as the great rollers of the Pacific are checked by the cork floats of a fisherman's net. Whatever small check there may be will, of course, affect the shortest waves most. Now the shortest waves of light are the waves of violet, blue and bluish light; the longest are those of red; consequently the particles of the atmosphere scatter blue light more than red. The red part of the sun's light reaches us almost unchecked by its journey through the atmosphere, but a fair amount of the blue light is broken up and made to travel in all directions. This is why the sky looks blue, and why we see a blue haze over a distant landscape; the blue light we see is part of the light of the sun which comes



back to us after being scattered by the particles in the atmosphere. When we look directly at the sun, we see sunlight from which this blue light has been removed, thus the sun looks less blue—and so more red—than it really is. When the sun is low down in the sky, its rays reach us in a very slanting direction, and so have travelled through a great thickness of air. A great deal of their blue light has been abstracted, and this is why the sun looks even redder than usual at sunrise and sunset.

Thus our window into space is not only obstructed by the ozone layer, but also by molecules of air and particles of dust which makes the sun and stars look redder than they really are by abstracting their blue light. They scatter this in all directions, and so make, so to speak, a blue fog over everything.

Ordinary photographic plates, as we know, are affected mainly by blue light, so that if we photograph a distant landscape, this is likely to look more hazy in the picture than it

looks to our eyes. We can prevent this to some extent by using a yellow filter; this filters out most of the blue light, so that we only use the yellow and red lights which are not much scattered. We can do better still by using only infra-red rays. These consist of very long waves—longer even than the waves of red light—which are hardly scattered at all by the minute particles of the atmosphere. Using these rays, a distant landscape can be photographed without any haze appearing at all; indeed, photographs can even be taken through thick fog. This method is used at sea for photographing the horizon through a fog, with a view to detecting possible icebergs lying concealed in banks of fog.

In my next talk we start off into space. You may think we have dallied on and near the earth for a long time, but all the knowledge we have gained will prove useful to us when we are out in space.

## Earning the Right to Work in Germany

By R. H. S. CROSSMAN

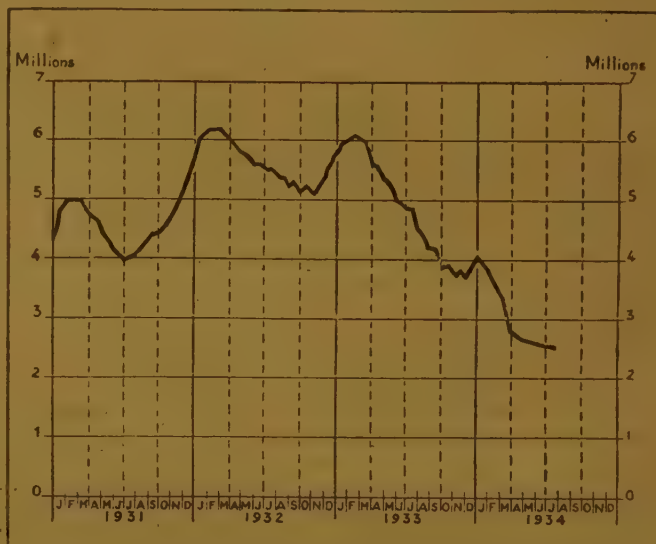
THE German Government boasts it has reduced unemployment since the revolution by four millions. But that is just a figure. What does it mean? Does it mean four million more men and women are working full time? Does it mean four million more men and women are working at full wages? Or does it only mean there are four million less registered unemployed queuing up for relief each week? You see what I am getting at: if we are to understand the position of the worker and the workless in Germany, it is no use being content with economic theories and statistics. I must give you an idea what it feels like to be a German worker today. Statistics are just abstractions; what we want is to see what life is like for the employed and for the unemployed in Germany.

First of all the big general facts. You remember the War? Some of you were probably boys then, like me. We were on the home front. And the war on the home front was a production war. Could we make shells and equipment better and quicker than the Germans? There wasn't much unemployment then. Now imagine the war in Germany—the blockade. Practically nothing coming in from abroad, except what was smuggled past the English destroyers and cruisers. Germany entirely dependent on her own resources, an island surrounded by enemies. Food, metals, chemicals, everything had to be found in Germany, or else a substitute invented. So you got synthetic petrol, acorn coffee, sand instead of soap, paper clothes, paper carpets, even paper bandages. What is more, because everything had to be rationed and controlled, the Government had to build a gigantic organisation to look after industry. Industry became a military camp, under military command. Ludendorff and Hindenburg were not only in command of the armies of the front, they were industrial and economic dictators as well. Germany became one vast military machine, and in the end it was not the fighting front but the home front which broke down. Germany was beaten by starvation.

Don't imagine that things are as bad as that now. There is still food enough and raw materials enough in Germany to last through the winter. All the same, the life of a German workman now is very much the same as it was in the War. For there is an economic war on now, a war about reparations and debts, and frozen credits. All that is far too complicated to explain in a few words. What I want to get across to you is just the concrete fact. Germany cannot pay England or America or anyone else for any more imports, and so, in the textile trade for instance, they are only working a thirty-hour week. That is not for lack of orders—there is plenty of demand; it is just because there is not enough raw material in Germany, and so there's quite a boom there now—a boom because there aren't raw materials! This summer I met a friend with his car full of motor tyres. He told me he was buying them up because he was afraid there would be no more next spring.

So now the Nazis have put Germany under the control of an economic dictator, just as though there was a war on. He decrees how long the factories are to work, what wages are to be paid, and even to some extent fixes the prices. Suppose in some town there are two textile factories, one successful,

the other closed down. The economic dictator will probably give orders that the successful one which has been working a forty-eight-hour week should now reduce to a twenty-four-hour week, and that the other factory which was closed down should start a twenty-four-hour week, too. So he manages to employ twice as many men. But he only does it at the cost of halving the wages of the men in the successful factory: he has



Course of unemployment in Germany from 1931 to 1934

Reproduced from official German statistics

got a lot of men off the dole, but they are only working half-time.

That is the first big thing the Nazis have done. They came into power when the slump was at its worst. And they have taken what work there was to be done and distributed it so that everyone has less work (and less wages), but a great many more people have some work. I wonder what you think of that idea? Looked at one way, it seems commonsense justice to say that you should divide up fairly what work there is; but when you remember the wage cuts in 1931-3 (often 20 and 30 per cent., and even more) you begin to wonder if it's really possible to maintain any decent standard of living at all, if you cut real wages further, as the Nazis were forced to do when they cut down the hours of work of the employed in order to give part time to the unemployed.

At any rate, the Trades Union leaders thought not, and that is one of the reasons why the Unions have been swept away. An economic dictator can't afford the bother of collective bargaining, or the danger of strikes. There are no strikes in an army—they are called mutinies there; and in the same way, strike leaders in Nazi Germany would be treated as mutineers and dealt with pretty roughly. But that doesn't mean that the workers' case is simply disregarded. The Nazis have set up a new organisation called the Labour Front to replace





Voluntary road-making by Germany's unemployed: excavating through what was once a forest

*Dorion Leigh*

the Trade Union. Every employee and every employer belongs to it. The men who represent the workers in it are appointed, not by the workers themselves, but by the Nazi party, and it is their job to put the workers' case. But the final decision lies with the economic dictator, Schacht, the President of the Bank of Germany, and with Hitler himself. It is too early yet to judge how the system works: the nearest comparison is an army one. Instead of Trade Union leaders, imagine sort of industrial sergeant-majors to put the men's case to the employers who correspond to the officers in the Army. You see, there are advantages and disadvantages in the scheme. It all depends on the sort of people the sergeant-majors are. Sometimes, sergeant-majors are tempted to keep in with the officers and feather their own nests. There are useful perquisites to be gained by these new industrial sergeant-majors in Germany, too, and the trouble is that the men have no real power to dislodge a labour leader who does that. In a Trade Union you do, at least, elect your own officials, and it is partly your fault if they don't keep up to the mark. In Nazi Germany where the industrial worker has become an industrial soldier, it is a much riskier business lodging complaints. The officers may be sympathetic—or they may not. If they are not, you may find yourself in a concentration camp.

Another big thing Hitler has done is to attack what he calls 'double earners'. That means families where a man is doing two jobs, or a man and his wife are both earning. The Nazis claim this is unfair, and they are doing all they can to stop it. You have probably read in your newspapers a lot about the Nazi view of the place of women—that they should be in the home producing children, not in the factory. All over Germany now, you will see posters and pictures to persuade people of this. Well, that propaganda has got a very practical reason. It is an attempt to solve the unemployment problem by making the women in industry give up their jobs to men. And the Nazis have gone further. They promise railway

reduction for families, cheap honeymoons and loans to young married couples; and these loans need not be repaid at all if the wife can produce enough children within a given time. You see, here too, there is a sort of justice about the idea: there's something in it that married women shouldn't keep married men out of jobs. And yet I don't think you would find many married women working unless the husband's wages were so small that she was compelled to make up his earnings by a little extra something. And now she is forbidden to do this.

So far I told you of two big schemes of the Nazis for reducing unemployment. The first was to distribute what work there is more equally; the second, to try to keep women out of industry. But neither of these schemes creates employment: they are only stop-gap measures to try and tide over the crisis. If you want to create employment you must find new jobs and new work to be done, and also find money to pay for them. One way they are doing that is by building

gigantic motor roads all over Germany: another way is by not taxing new motors and so trying to boom the motor industry and to get some motor-cars on to the roads they are building. But neither of these schemes, which cost the State huge sums of money, can help much. The trouble is that German industry depends on export, and Germany, which is still on the Gold Standard, can't compete now against countries like England, which are off the Gold Standard and can sell their goods cheaper. What is more, you cannot export goods unless you can import raw materials to make them with. But you can only pay for raw material by exporting finished goods. Without



Back to the land: German girls preparing to become farmers' wives or good settlers

*Presse-Photo. Berlin*

exports, no imports; without imports, no exports. You see what a mess they are in owing to the economic war I have already mentioned. All they can do is to try to make people in Germany buy all the goods they can. But that won't go on for ever, firstly because Germany will soon have no money to pay for them, and secondly, if Germany can't get any raw materials, there soon won't be any goods to buy. Isn't that a



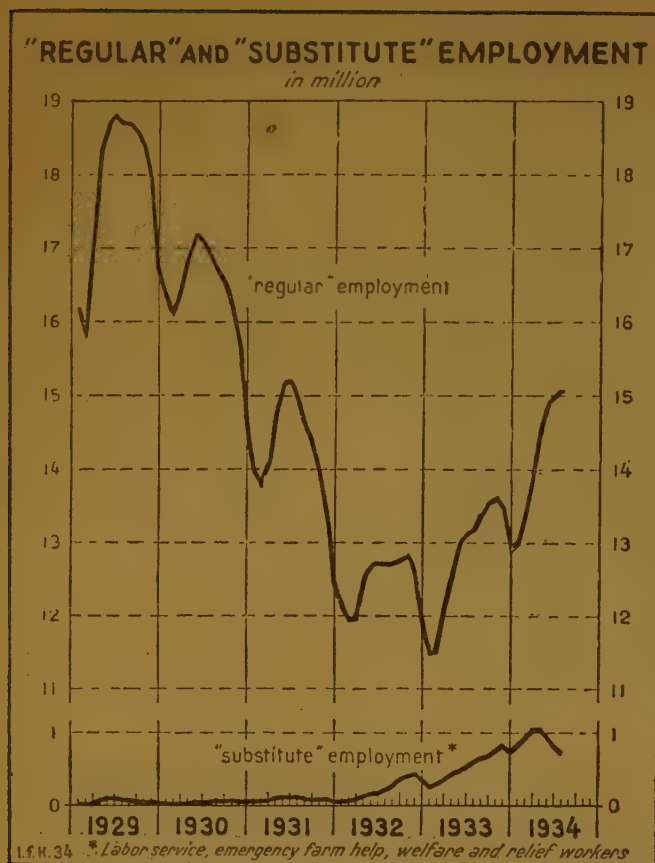


Chart showing 'regular' and 'substitute' employment (labour service, welfare and relief work, &c.) in Germany in the last five and a half years

From the Weekly Report of the German Institute for Business Research

fantastic situation? The world producing more than it ever has before and a great country on the edge of starvation. Think of it, there's a slump on, the price of rubber is next to nothing, the rubber producers are practically giving their stuff away, and yet German factories are cutting hours and cutting wages because they can't afford to buy rubber.

You will probably want to know what happens to the three million or so who cannot be re-absorbed in industry. Of course Germany has an unemployment insurance scheme like ours: indeed, we actually copied our insurance from the German model. They started the idea long ago in 1890. But the German scheme went bankrupt, like ours, in the slump. Contributions weren't enough to pay for relief, and so it had to be subsidised by the State out of taxation; and just because Germany is harder up than England, rates of benefit are far lower there than here. The Nazis tried to improve this by a colossal charity drive called the 'Winter Help' and a great deal of food and clothing was actually distributed. I have always been amazed in Germany how well the children look; they get a decent meal in the schools, and the 'Winter Help' probably pulled them through last winter. But grown-ups are getting a thin time, and it was an awful shock this summer when it was disclosed that the storm troop leaders like Röhm and Ernst, who were shot on June 30, had been spending the street collections on wine and women and expensive flats.

But the great Nazi drive is to try to get the unemployed man off the dole. They are doing this partly by taking young townspeople and training them for work on the land, which they call 'interior colonisation'. I remember last spring seeing a school for training young girls to be farmers. It was astounding what a difference six months on the land made to a girl who didn't before know one end of a pig from another. They were learning to be real colonists, starting from scratch; and they were making their pig-stys out of mud and straw. Of course, their life is going to be terribly hard, but I should think the best of them, if they get good husbands, may be able to settle down and make a living.

But, naturally, there are very few townspeople who are going to be able to stick that. Most people cannot change their spots so easily, and so for the unemployed whom they cannot change into peasants, the Nazis have made the Labour Camps. By the way, don't muddle Labour Camps up with Concen-

tration Camps. Concentration Camps are places where political prisoners are kept; they are fairly tough places, and you don't go there if you can avoid it. Labour Camps are where the young unemployed men and women are sent if they are under twenty-five and unmarried; what is more, every boy or girl who wants to go to the University or a technical training college has got to put in six months or a year there. Up till now they have been nominally voluntary, but Hitler has just announced that in future they will be compulsory for everyone. In fact, they are a sort of way of stopping young people flooding the labour market, and the Government are going to invest over twenty million pounds a year in them. I have seen something of them. Generally miles away in the country, an old tumble-down factory or a collection of huts, and in each camp 220 or so young men—miners, butchers, actors, farmers' sons, every sort of person—all looking much the same in their grey-green uniforms. And they work. The work can't be of much practical utility, because it is not allowed to compete with private enterprise and so reduce employment. So what they do is heavy manual labour on a relatively unnecessary road or something of the sort, from six a.m. to two p.m. In the afternoon there's a couple of hours drill under the command of an old army officer. And on Sundays there's a route march. It's a hard life, and the pay is 2½d. a day, but every young man has got to go through with it if he wants even the hope of a job. There's no doubt that most men are physically the better for it. I don't think they like it much; what keeps them at it is the hope of a little red mark on the paper they get when they have finished their time. For that red mark means, possibly, work. There are more than 300,000 men in these camps, and their food costs the Government only 8d. a day per man. You can see it doesn't cost much more to keep them in the camp, get them physically fit, give them army discipline and prime them with Nazi philosophy, than to pay them unemployment benefit and leave them free to do what they like. But the problem remains the same. Would you be willing to stand the military discipline in return for something to do and physical fitness? Many Germans answer 'yes', but I have my doubts if Englishmen would submit to such a system, even if it did something to relieve unemployment. The question boils down to this—is it worth going short in order to be able to call your soul your own? The Nazis have decided it isn't; and a good many Germans today seem to be content to try to solve the unemployment problem by living permanently under military orders in a country which is like nothing so much as a colossal army. But there are plenty who do not feel this, and for them the Nazi methods of curing unemployment are a pretty bitter pill to swallow.

## Perseus

Borrowed wings on his ankles  
Carrying a stone death  
The hero entered the hall,  
All in the hall looked up  
Their breath frozen on them  
And there was no more shuffle or clatter in the hall at all.

So a friend of a man comes in  
And leaves a book he is lending or flowers  
And goes again, alive but as good as dead,  
And you are left alive, no better than dead,  
And you dare not turn the leaden pages of the book or touch  
the flowers, the hooded and arrested hours.

Shut your eyes  
There are suns beneath your lids  
Or look in the looking-glass in the end room  
You will find it full of eyes  
The ancient smiles of men cut out with scissors and kept  
in mirrors.

Ever to meet me comes, in sun or dull,  
The gay hero swinging the gorgon's head  
And I am left, with the dull drumming of the sun  
suspended and dead  
Or the dumb grey-brown of the day is a leper's cloth  
And one feels the earth going round and round the globe of  
the blackening mantle, a mad moth.

LOUIS MACNEICE



*The Heritage of the Reformation*

# The Royal Supremacy

By A. F. POLLARD

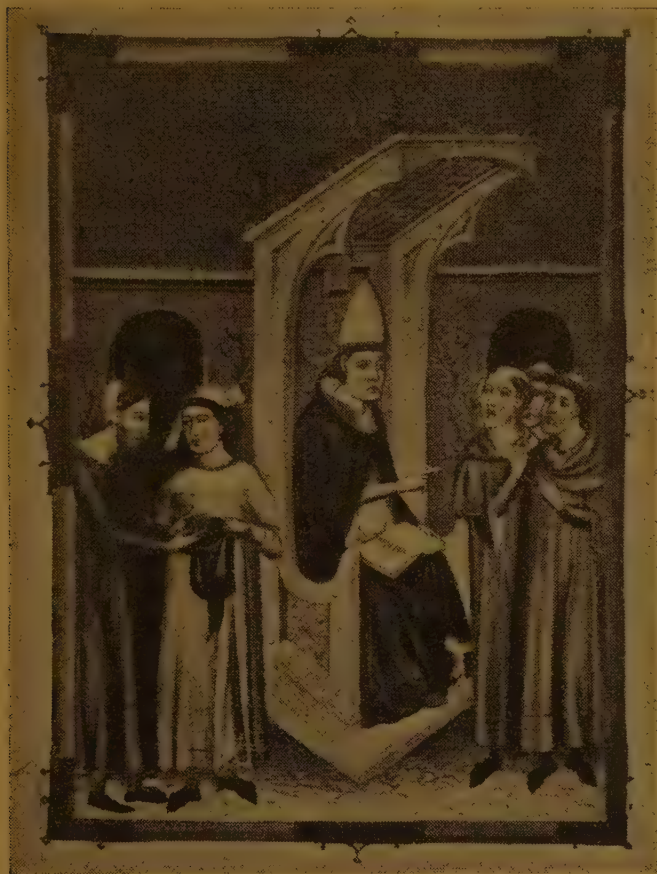
*The first of three broadcast lectures by the Director of the Institute of Historical Research, who is also the author of a great number of publications on English history.*

**I**T is no part of an historian's duty to enter upon a religious or any other disputation; but he is inevitably called upon to deal with the history of contention, and in that case his discourse must be as much a criticism as an appreciation. The title of these talks implies an attempt to estimate, briefly and crudely, the consequences, good and evil, of that complex movement in the sixteenth century which affects our lives today as vitally as the legacy of Greece, the legacy of Rome, or the legacy of the Middle Ages. These titles are, however, all misleading. A legacy means something that someone

expected universal assent. Still less did the reformers originally design or desire the subordination of Church to State which almost necessarily followed upon their failure to achieve a Catholic reformation. For, so long as the Church remained Catholic and united, it could maintain an equal, and often a successful, contest with the individual national states rising on the ruins of the Holy Roman Empire. But when the Catholic Church followed the Holy Roman Empire along the path of schism and disintegration, each church had to rely more and more upon the supporting arm of each national State. Wycliffe had appealed to the State to reform the Church: his antagonist, Archbishop Arundel, appealed with more success to the State to crush the Lollards; but that success was purchased at the fatal price of reliance on Acts of Parliament. That in a secular sense was the root of the Reformation.

### Re-formation of What?

But the statesmen and lawyers, on the one hand, and the churchmen and divines, on the other, had different ideas of the Re-formation that was needed. If we pronounce it correctly, the 'Re-formation' at once suggests the question, the Re-formation of what? Of the Church? Of the State? Of the



Jurisdiction by Church and State: an ecclesiastical court—  
British Museum. Reproduced from Traill's 'Social England' (Cassell)

leaves by will at death; but neither ancient Greece nor ancient Rome nor the Middle Ages contemplated their own decease or willingly abandoned their inheritance to others. Human design plays but a small part in human history; and few, if any, of the heroes of the nations would have started on their path had they known where it would lead them and their successors. We have probably all of us cause to be thankful that no party has ever achieved more than a part of its programme. 'He goes farthest', said Oliver Cromwell, 'who knows not whither he goes'; and these legacies of Greece and Rome, the Middle Ages and the Reformation consist mainly in consequences and effects which the testators neither intended nor foresaw.

No Reformer, for instance, intended four hundred years ago to break up the unity of the Catholic Church or promote a bewildering variety of sects. Luther, Zwingli, Calvin and the rest hoped and intended to reform the whole Church and thus to keep it Catholic still. It was only in grief and bitterness of spirit that each of them, finding agreement impossible, fell back on the meagre and forbidding way of reforming his own particular sphere of influence. Nor did any of them propose to tolerate any other form of religion than that to which each



—and the Court of King's Bench  
Inner Temple Library. Reproduced from Green's  
'Short History of the English People' (Macmillan)



Faith? Of morals or of practical abuses? 'Re-form', I suppose, had originally the military sense made familiar by numerous sergeant-majors during the War. Discipline had been relaxed: the Church was standing, if not reclining; at ease. It must re-form, return to a more upright, proper, and pristine order; and Churchmen differed mainly in their views of primitive Christianity and of the distance they had to return in its direction. Statesmen were less concerned with Christianity: they were servants of the State, and the Reformation they had in mind was indicated by Henry VIII when he said that he intended to recover for the Crown the rights and powers lost by Henry II and King John in their contests with St. Thomas à Becket and Roman pontiffs. In point of fact, they went a good deal further than these mediæval monarchs; but, like the reforming divines, they did not aim at Catholic disruption. Their object, rather, was to end the mediæval disruption between Church and State by means of national union under one sovereign head.

### Rivalry of Church and State

This mediæval conflict permeated life in every western European State. There was no sovereignty in the modern sense of the word; the rivalry of two powers, Church and State, *sacerdotium* and *regnum*, was a standing denial of sovereignty. 'We have two lords over us', said Archbishop Winchelsea in the reign of Edward I, 'the King and the Pope; and though we owe obedience to both, we owe greater obedience to the spiritual than to the temporal lord'. Every bishop took two oaths of allegiance, one to the King and one to the Pope: in his oath to the Pope he disclaimed everything in his oath to the King which might conflict with his allegiance to the Pope; and in his oath to the King he disclaimed everything in his oath to the Pope that might conflict with his allegiance to the King. Similarly, there were two independent legal systems, the canon law of the Church and the temporal law of the State; two independent legislatures, Convocation and Parliament; two independent judicatures, the courts of the Church and the courts of the King; and both had their gaolers, their prisons, and ultimate penalties—outlawing by the State and excommunication by the Church. But these two rival sovereignties did not divide Englishmen into two camps, subjects of the Pope and subjects of the King. Both clergy and laity were subject to both jurisdictions; and in the absence of any arbiter between the conflicting authorities, the problem of defining their spheres defied solution. A man might at the same time be a traitor in the eyes of the State, a saint in those of the Church; a child might be legitimate by canon law, a bastard by common law, an heir-at-law by one and no heir at all by the other. The chief grievance of the laity was that in their trial by ecclesiastical courts for heresy and other offences against the Church, there were none of the common safeguards: there was no benefit of clergy, no sanctuary, no *habeas corpus*, and no trial by jury.

### Laity Within the Church

The purpose of the Royal Supremacy was to terminate this conflict by making the Crown the ultimate source of all coercive jurisdiction and the common law common to all its subjects. The Act was passed 400 years ago by the Reformation Parliament in its sixth session between November 3 and December 24, 1534. It enacts that 'the King's Majesty shall be taken, accepted, and reputed the only Supreme Head in earth of the Church of England called *Ecclesia Anglicana*'; and it simply put the seal upon accomplished facts. Convocation had already in 1531 accepted the King as Supreme Head 'as far as the law of Christ allows', and in 1533 the Act of Appeals had abolished papal jurisdiction in England. But there were two fundamental questions involved in the ambiguity of the phrases 'Church of England' and '*Ecclesia Anglicana*'. Did the 'Church' include the laity, or did laymen only enter the Church when they ceased to be laymen and became ecclesiastics? The Act of Appeals excludes them: it defines the Church as 'that part of the body politic called the spirituality' and the Act of Supremacy agrees with the Act of Appeals. But in 1535 a crucial question was put to Bishop Fisher and Sir Thomas More: 'Was not', they were asked, 'the King the Head of his people, and were not the people the Church?' Tyndale, the translator of the Bible, had raised this question: wherever he came across the word '*ecclesia*' he translated it 'congregation' instead of 'Church' because, he complained, the clergy had appropriated to themselves the

word 'Church, that of right is common unto all the whole congregation of them that believe in Christ'. Bishop Gardiner, who did not like Tyndale, was equally emphatic that the Church and the Realm consisted of exactly the same people; and in the Act of Six Articles, which he inspired in 1539, the *Ecclesia Anglicana* becomes 'this whole church and congregation of England'. The laity were definitely included: the English 'Churchman' ceased to be synonymous with the Latin 'Ecclesiastic'; he entered the Church at baptism instead of having to wait for holy orders. In the Thirty-nine Articles the visible 'Church of Christ' is 'a congregation of faithful men', and through Parliament and the Act of Supremacy, the laity grasped a share in its government.

But this involved the other fundamental issue. Was the Church of England part and parcel of the Catholic Church, or was it an independent self-governing Church? How could Tyndale's 'whole congregation of them that believe in Christ' be reconciled with his divine right of Kings to govern their churches? 'The King', he declares, 'is in the room of God, and his law is God's law'; and 'one King, one law' is God's ordinance in every realm'. In answering Tyndale Sir Thomas More asked, 'Is not the Church this company and congregation of all those nations which profess the name and faith of Christ?' and *The King's Book*, issued in 1543, attempted a compromise. It contemplated an Anglo-Catholic Church, a Franco-Catholic (or Gallican) Church, a Spanish-Catholic Church, and so forth; and, it declares, 'as they be distant in places, so they have distinct ministers and divers heads on earth. . . . Yet be all these holy Churches but one holy Church Catholic'. Holy Mother Church was transfigured into a Holy Alliance, a band of brothers, a union or league of churches, each with its own head, but all bound together by a common religious faith—just as the League of Nations, with separate national governments, is supposed to be bound together in a 'federation of the world' by a Covenant professing a common belief in certain political principles.

### Growth of the National State

Now, it may be refreshing to find Catholics and Covenanters using similar terminology; but every federation is said to be always in a process either of closer union or of disintegration; and this scheme of 'one Holy Church Catholic with divers heads on earth' was of earth, earthy: it was in effect not a solution but a dissolution. Only if Kings agreed could there be one Holy Church Catholic. England itself soon broke away, not so much because of its King, as because of the lay folk he had summoned within the portals of his Church. For there was no such bond of unity among the peoples, as there had been among the ecclesiastics, of Catholic Europe. The whole ecclesiastical organisation has been on an oecumenical basis: the Church had its various orders of secular priests, monks, and friars, but their rules, their law, and their faith knew nothing of national pride or prejudice. No one was alien to the Church except the misbeliever, the heretic, or the schismatic, and a bishop anywhere might be the native of any land; two Italians and a Spaniard held English sees in 1534. But the growth of the National State began an increasing alienation; the aliens lost their English bishoprics, and today even a Catholic bishop rarely finds a see outside his native land. The more a king responded to this national patriotism, the more successful he was. Henry VIII tried to be both a patriot and a Catholic; but when he admitted the laity into the Church and reformed it by Acts of Parliament, he undermined by his policy the foundation of Catholic doctrine on which he strove to stand.

It has been said that 'the supreme achievement of the Reformation is the modern State'. It is almost as true to say that the supreme achievement of the modern State was the Reformation. For it ended the mediæval conflict between two independent sovereignties, and left the State, in Catholic as well as in Protestant countries, the arbiter of its own attitude towards religion. The decisive factor in the issue was the disintegrating force of national sentiment: the more each nation consolidated itself, the more self-conscious and self-reliant it became, and the less patient of any control except its own over itself. We call this self-determination; and instead of being Catholic, men became separatists, patriots, nationalists. Even at its heart, in the Holy City itself, the Catholic Church suffered from Italian self-esteem: the last Pope not an Italian died in 1523; and the Pope became an Italian ruler of Italian States before an English King





'The Fortress of the Faith'

The four great doctors of the Church defending the Faith against heretics: from an MS. in the British Museum

became Head of an English Church. As itself the wielder of temporal power, the Papacy compromised its character as an impartial and competent judge and disposer of other men's thrones; and the mediæval excommunication and deposition of kings ceased to be effective long before the Reformation: it became a still greater anachronism as those kings became more and more responsible to the peoples over which they ruled. In one of his more brutal moments Henry VIII said he did not care who controlled men's souls so long as he controlled their bodies. That is roughly the relation of Church and State today; and with its acceptance the mediæval panoply of episcopal prisons and gaolers and criminal jurisdiction ceased, and the conflict in its old form between the two sovereignties passed away.

Its passing left the State supreme. Its success was largely due to the fact that statesmen and lawyers were more in agreement in their ideas of reforming the State than Church-

men were in theirs of reforming the Church; and that distinction was borne out by the subsequent course of history. There is as wide a theological diversity as ever; but there is general agreement that each State must determine—not, indeed, its own religion (for often it has none)—but its own attitude towards religion. We can hardly conceive nowadays of a world-wide spiritual authority, legitimate though its claims might be to proclaim the truth and claim the allegiance of persons, attempting to prescribe religion for national states. In claiming this function for national self-determination, the Act of Supremacy was, rightly or wrongly, a pioneer on the path of political evolution. It may even be quoted in support of the latest German ideal of 'One State, one Nation, one Church'; but we shall see in our next two talks how England slowly turned her face away from that pagan aspiration. The religion of the State, it has been said, is only for those who have no other.



*Poverty in Plenty*

# The Slump and the Growth in Productive Power

By H. D. HENDERSON

*Mr. Henderson, a Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford, was formerly Joint Secretary to the Economic Advisory Council, and is the author of 'Supply and Demand'*

**A**BOUT 120 years ago there were lawless outbreaks in many of the manufacturing districts of England, known as the Luddite disturbances. These disturbances frequently took the form of the destruction of machinery by bands of workmen, organised in secret societies and maintaining a high degree of mutual loyalty and discipline. Working mainly by night, and watching carefully for an opportunity to evade the military who were on the look-out for them, they would descend suddenly upon some mill, overpower those who were guarding it, and carry out their work of destruction. In some cases, though by no means in all, the reason why the Luddites wished to destroy the machines was that the machines enabled one man to do the work of several, and so threatened them with unemployment. That was the chief motive, for example, of the attack made by the Luddites in Yorkshire on the shearing frames that had been introduced into the woollen industry. The complaint there was that the new frames enabled one man to do the work of four.

## We Must Increase Our Power to Produce Goods

Now there is another way of putting that. You may say instead that they enabled a man to produce four times as much as formerly, and that at once puts a different complexion upon the matter. For our power to produce goods *must* increase if we are to become more prosperous, if the standard of living is to rise. Why, mankind could never have escaped from the primitive and barbarous conditions of existence which were the lot of our remote ancestors, if it had not been for the discoveries and inventions and improvements which have enabled an hour's work today to produce immeasurably more than it used to do. Moreover, the experience of the hundred years that followed the Luddite disturbances went to show that the extended use of machinery, which enables one man to do the work of several, does not, in the long run, reduce the number of people who find employment, however hard may be the plight of the particular men whom the new machinery displaces. Why just consider, since the close of the wars with Napoleon the population of Great Britain has multiplied by five, and real wages on the average have multiplied by four. The number of persons who find employment somehow in this island at the present time is roughly five times as many as in the days when the Luddites were breaking the machines; and on the average each of us is able to buy four times as much in goods and services, in food, clothes, house-room and the like. And this great expansion in the volume of employment and rise in the standard of life took place during a period in which labour-saving machinery was constantly being introduced, in which one branch of industry after another was revolutionised by the application of steam-power and engineering methods.

Those are very broad, but very important facts, which we ought never to forget. However unsatisfactory and bad in many ways conditions for the mass of people may be today, they are immeasurably better—make no mistake about it—than they were a hundred years ago, or even, let me add, than they were twenty years ago, and the improvement could not have taken place if it had not been for the steady progress of what we call mechanisation.

## Persistence of the Luddite Argument

But, despite this experience, whenever a trade depression has occurred bringing with it glutted markets, idle factories and heavy unemployment, there have always been many people who have argued very much as the Luddites did, who have said, 'This labour-saving machinery is throwing men out of work'; or 'These modern methods of production employ so few people to produce so much, how can we hope to keep everyone employed if this sort of thing goes on?' In every depression there have been people who have asked such questions, and, of course, there were frequent periods of

severe depression during the nineteenth century. But in the last few years we have been passing through a depression—I hope we are now emerging from it—which is more severe than any known before; far more severe if you take the world as a whole, for Great Britain has suffered less than most other countries. So in recent years a very large number of people indeed have come to shake their heads about labour-saving machinery, and increasing productivity generally.

In the post-War period it is not only in industry that you have had a very striking increase in output per head, but in agriculture also, where the biologist and the chemist as well as the engineer have been working to increase very largely the quantity of foodstuffs and raw materials that a given number of agriculturists can raise. The people who shake their heads say, very naturally: 'It's all very well to argue that this all-round increase in productivity should make for a prosperous world. In the very long run it may, but here and now it makes for unemployment and depression. You can see it working out quite clearly. Productivity has grown so fast that the supply of goods in one market after another has outrun the demand, and so stocks have been piled up, and prices have fallen, and workpeople have been discharged, and farmers have been reduced to bankruptcy, and all the vicious circles of the slump have been set in motion. It would have been far better', they conclude, 'if productivity had grown less fast'.

So, you see, you have on the one side the experience of the last hundred years and on the other hand what seem to many the palpable lessons of the recent slump. How are we to reconcile the apparent conflict between them? Has anything happened to make what was true in the nineteenth century untrue in the twentieth?

## An Economic Theory

At this stage, I want you to bear with me while I state quite shortly an economic theory. On what grounds have economists argued in the past that labour-saving machinery, however hardly it might bear upon the particular workpeople displaced, was more likely to increase than to decrease the total amount of employment? Their central argument has been that we buy goods out of our incomes, that our incomes arise from production, and the greater accordingly the quantity of goods produced, the larger in proportion will be our real incomes, and the greater in proportion will be the number of goods we can buy. Every hundred pounds' worth of goods sold to the public gives rise to £100 of income, distributed somehow among those who have helped to make them or sell them, as workers, or employers, or carriers, or shopkeepers. Some of them, if you like, may be people who have done nothing really to help, but anyway every £100 worth of goods sold to the public means £100 of income to certain people, which they can use to purchase goods. So if more goods are produced and sold, the larger will be the incomes available for buying them. If, owing to some labour-saving invention, a given amount of some commodity can be produced with less labour, the commodity is likely to be sold at a lower price, in which case the consuming public will be able *either* to purchase a larger quantity of it, or to purchase more of other things, or to do partly the one and partly the other. If the commodity is not sold at a lower price, those connected with its production will receive larger incomes, whether as wages or salaries or profits, and *they* will be in a position to increase their purchases. Whichever way it works out in detail, the real income of the public, as a whole—the amount of goods, that is to say, which all of us taken together are able to buy—should increase just as much and just as fast as production increases.

Perhaps I ought to carry the argument just one stage further. People may not choose to spend upon consumption the whole of the increase in their real incomes, which arises from greater production. They may prefer to save, and indeed it is to be expected that they will save a larger part of their



incomes as they become better off. But that does not weaken the argument, provided that their savings are invested and not hoarded; because money that is invested contributes just as much, speaking generally, to the demand for goods and services, and for the labour to make them, as money that is 'spent' in the ordinary sense. Every £100 invested, for example, in the erection and equipment of a factory means in effect the purchase of bricks and mortar and machinery to the extent of £100. The investor is thus really buying one class of goods rather than another, producers' goods rather than consumers' goods. In the Victorian age when we went ahead so rapidly, and when employment grew so much, there was a steady increase in the amount that people saved and devoted to investment instead of consumption, and the spread of the habit of saving was undoubtedly one of the main reasons why we did go ahead.

That is the economic argument, as far as I shall carry it. There are various things, as will probably occur to you, that may go wrong with it from time to time; for example, there is the possibility that the money that is saved may not find an immediate outlet in investment, that it may be hoarded for a time, and that that may give rise to trouble. But I am not going to enter into that. Subject to the ups and downs of trade, the economic theory which I have outlined worked in practice before the War. Is there any reason why it should not work in future as well as it did then? I don't think there is any reason why it should not work, so far as the broad, ultimate results are concerned. I think that increasing productivity in the future as in the past will serve ultimately to make the world not poorer but more prosperous, to raise, not to lower, the standard of living. I am convinced that the world will recover sooner or later from the present depression, as it has recovered from depressions in the past—in Great Britain the recovery has already gone a considerable way—and that as the recovery proceeds the benefits that are latent in the growth of productive power will be translated increasingly into actual well-being.

### The Birth-Rate and Trade

But, on the other hand, a very important change has taken place in the conditions governing the trade of the world; and I think that as the result of this change the growth of productive power, the advance of mechanisation and technical progress, will be attended by far more serious difficulties than used to arise. The old economic theory will, I think, still work in the main, but not, I fear, as well or as smoothly as it used to do. The change to which I refer is the revolutionary fall in the birth-rates of the chief industrial and trading countries of the world. We are heading, not only in this country but in many other countries as well, towards a sharply falling population in the comparatively near future. That is not a matter of assuming that the average size of the family will fall still lower. In Great Britain the number of children being born is already insufficient, even if they were all to grow up, to replace the present population of, say, thirty years of age. In fact it is probable that a generation hence there will only be about three people of thirty years of age for every four that there are today. That is the outlook in Great Britain and, what is more, the outlook throughout Western and Northern Europe, in the United States, in most of the British Dominions, is not very materially different. They are all heading for declining populations.

That is a change of far-reaching importance, and it goes hand in hand with another, which I think is largely due to it. Whereas international trade used to grow rapidly from year to year, with the opening up of new areas, and the development of new continents, it has for the time being at least ceased to expand, and is subjected to ever-increasing obstacles from the dominant forces of economic nationalism. Now these changes make an immense difference to the results that follow from a growth in productive power. In pre-War days there was a steady increase, year by year, in the number of persons who constituted the effective market for any commodity; the number of consumers at home increased because of the rapid growth of population, and the number of consumers abroad increased with the expansion of international trade. Well, now, under those conditions suppose there was some invention or improvement which diminished the number of workers required to produce a given amount of some com-

modity. At least you could rely upon it that in nine cases out of ten there would be a steady increase in the demand for the commodity, for that particular commodity, because of the growth in the number of consumers. So it was very likely that no serious displacement of labour would result, that as many people would be employed in that particular industry after the improvement as before. Or again, suppose that some industry had developed its productive capacity too fast; you could almost rely upon it, under pre-War conditions, that the demand, growing steadily from year to year, would soon catch up. But see how different things are now. It is true that as production increases our real incomes and consequently our purchasing-power should increase on the average in proportion. But the additional consumption arising from larger incomes per head may be very unevenly spread between different commodities. If the number of consumers increases by 5 per cent. we can be fairly sure of an increase of at least 5 per cent. in the demand for bread, for meat, for milk, for clothes, for boots, for each particular thing. But, you cannot rely on that, if the number of consumers is stationary or declining, even though individually they may have more money to spend. That may give you only a negligible increase in the demand for many of the basic necessities of life, perhaps a diminished demand for some of them, coupled with a large increase in the demand for goods or services of a comparatively luxury character.

### Difficulty of Correcting Over-Production

Suppose then that you have a development of excess productive capacity for some commodity of which people don't buy much more as they become better-off. You are faced at once with a much more difficult and obstinate problem than usually arose in pre-War days. You have no longer the strong secular growth in the demand for practically every commodity to help you over your temporary difficulties. So a condition of over-production, once established, may last a very long time, and it may be a very painful matter to correct it, involving the transference of workpeople from the occupations in which they are trained to other industries, and perhaps to other areas.

I have said enough, I hope, to make my argument clear. Let me just add this, to prevent misunderstanding. The unexampled severity and obstinacy of the present depression is, I think, in part, but only in small part, due to the causes I have mentioned. It is mainly due to other causes, connected with the War and its aftermath, with which other speakers in this series may deal. But I think the causes I have mentioned come in, and I think that they may prove of increasing importance in future, as the trend towards falling populations gathers headway. In my view, this world crisis, due mainly to special War and post-War causes, gives us a warning and a foretaste of the difficult problems of adjustment which are likely, I fear, to arise from technical progress and increasing productivity in an environment of declining numbers. Increasing productivity and declining numbers, taken together, will make an economic world in many ways more unstable than that of pre-War days.

A new addition to the 'Outlines' series which have proved so popular is announced by Messrs. George Newnes. *An Outline of Modern Belief* has been edited by Mr. J. W. N. Sullivan and Mr. Walter Grierson ('the Enquiring Layman'), and seeks to bridge the gap between the experts and the ordinary reader in matters of scientific knowledge. The work will appear in twenty-four fortnightly parts at 1s. each, and the whole work will be divided into three complete 'Books', 'each giving an interesting outline of three branches of knowledge, on which every intelligent person would wish to be reasonably well informed'. Book I will attempt to give a clear and concise summary of the net results of modern science, and of changes in men's ideas which have been effected by new knowledge, discovery, research, and special study in other fields than science. Book II is a fairly comprehensive outline of general science, 'explaining in as clear and non-technical a manner as possible those sciences in which the average person is most interested'. And Book III is concerned with the evolution of three religions, the ancient Hebrew, the ancient Greek and the Christian, and concludes with a brief survey of the views of representative thinkers today on the general outlook and philosophical conceptions generated by modern thought. The whole work will be illustrated with excellent photographs and reproductions, and the first part will appear on October 19. It will be obtainable through any newsagent.



## Art

# The Art of the Maya

By STANLEY CASSON

**T**HE problem of the growth and efflorescence of art in the continent of America must largely, if not entirely, be considered as an indigenous problem. For the greatest and purest development of artistic capacity in America occurs at a period when external stimuli and contacts are so much a matter of hypothesis that they can be con-

sidered as virtually non-existent. The great age of the Maya civilisation, which flourished in the early centuries of our era, produced a type of art which must rank among the really fine periods of art in the world's history. And at the time when Maya art was most active no contacts with an external world can be established with certainty.



Mayan cups

Nor is it of very great importance if they are established, for the whole Mayan artistic movement was clearly based on internal stimuli and local development. A stray hint here of Asiatic mannerisms, or a dubious and unimpressive suggestion there of Ancient Egypt leaves wholly unexplained the essential character of Mayan styles and Mayan modes of thought. Had the Maya civilisation sprung into existence in Alaska or in eastern Brazil, contacts with Asia or Europe might well have been a reasonable hypothesis for its growth. But as it happens the Maya culture grew just in that region where external influences would have had the maximum distance to go to reach American shores. The Mayan empire flourished at the narrowest part of the American continent, and consequently at the one part of America which was least likely to be reached by adventuring commerce.

We know almost nothing of Mayan history, and I propose here to approach Mayan art as representative of the finest artistic activity ever produced in America. A study

of the Maya people resolves itself almost entirely into the study of an art and an architecture; we are driven to examine their history through the medium of their artistic modes and their architectural conceptions. Those modes and conceptions seem to me to have no parallel outside America, and they seem also to have moulded the whole subsequent course of indigenous American art, whether Toltec, Aztec, Peruvian or the barbaric products of the Middle West and the Californian shores. The great outburst of Mayan artistic activity led, as the Maya empire faded, to a gradual descent in all parts of America influenced by it, and to a gradual reversion to the pre-Mayan condition. The study of native American art thus resolves itself into an examination of one great period to which everything apparently led up and from which everything subsequently, or at least up to the Spanish invasion, was derivative. To me, at any rate, even the totem-poles of British Columbia, with their strange insistence on an accumulation of design based on animal shapes, and with their architectonic treatment of their compositions, seem ultimately to owe their

conception to Central American ideas. A visitor who studies the collection in the Peabody Museum at Harvard University, is immediately struck, if he be a European, by the extraordinary homogeneity of design in the material exhibited. The Museum contains works of art and craftsmanship from every



Mayan altar from Guatemala

Photographs by courtesy of the Pennsylvania Museum



part of America from the northern States to the Maya regions and Peru. Everywhere the same artistic conventions strike the eye: the outlook is the same. There is nothing even remotely comparable to the diversity of European art, at any period of history or prehistory. And to me Maya art is the fountain head of all this widely-spread indigenous skill and taste.

Underlying all their masterpieces of sculpture and painting is the deeply felt Mayan love of design and architectonic setting. Although even in the small compass of Mayan artistic history a succession of 'archaic', 'developed' and 'naturalistic' styles can be detected, yet it is never so 'archaic' as European art in its archaic periods, and never so 'naturalistic'. There is a sober love of form and pattern which never leaves it. Nor is Mayan sculpture or painting ever fussy or overburdened. The bulk of Mayan pottery is of the simplest forms. The examples shown here are simple beakers with the designs in an architectural setting, bounded by borders, spaced with discretion, and painted in various tones of red and black and orange on a buff ground.

The altar shown in another illustration is of great interest. It was recently discovered during American excavations in Guatemala. Two male heads in free relief form the principal subject-matter and the rest of this unique monument is covered with patterns and with those strange 'glyphs', themselves patterns, which the Maya employed for inscriptional purposes. All alphabets go back to pictorial symbols, but no people except the Maya retained their symbols as artistic patterns at a date when the script as such was relatively advanced. In Europe and Asia the symbols rapidly become linear. Here they remain pictorial, to the end.

Maya sculpture rapidly solved artistic problems that remained unsolved for many centuries in Egypt and Mesopotamia. Almost at the outset the Maya relief-carver achieved perspective and arrangement in depth, without sacrificing either the depth of his relief or the pattern of his composition. He never emerged into high relief—the almost inevitable concomitant of the discovery of perspective in relief-sculpture. Maya sculpture is largely ceremonial. It records the pomp of religious and imperial life, not the daily events. In this respect

it is best compared with Byzantine sculpture, which was never segregated from its royal and religious setting. Indeed the whole of Maya life, like Byzantine, was theocratic in its setting, with the difference that the Maya people lived in a Stone Age, and their artists worked with Stone Age tools. Indeed, nowhere in the world's history has a Stone Age produced so strange and great a culture. Gold and copper were known to the Mayan peoples, but they were only used for ornament and largely worked cold.

Although engineering feats of astonishing skill, such as road-building, were achieved, the Maya put but little engineering ability into their buildings, which were for the most part of pyramidal form and based on the simplest and most obvious structural conceptions. Recent air-surveying over the forests

of Yucatan have revealed long stretches of Mayan road-systems, detected by the lower depth of the forest surface—the roads appearing as straight lines on the surface of the trees. Mayan life and art is thus neither primitive nor barbaric. It must take its place among the important periods of history and art. It is a city art and a city life produced it. The confidence of Mayan artists and the supreme skill with which they carved their massive sculptures is as striking as the consummate ability with which they cut their small ornaments

out of the hardest material. Mayan reliefs carved out of small pieces of green jadeite are exquisite works of art. The same compositions as are shown on the large monuments reappear on these small ornaments. Obsidian, one of the most difficult of all materials to carve, is frequently used for diminutive sculptures: all these intractable materials they shaped with an equipment such as was used by Neolithic man in Britain four thousand years ago. But where the Neolithic Briton could only, and with difficulty, bore simple holes in plain axe-heads, the Mayan artist could make delicate arrangements in very low relief of several figures on a small jadeite plaque three inches square. No one in America before historical times had invented bronze, still less discovered that complicated process by which iron is smelted. So the Mayan peoples forged ahead with what they had got and achieved an art that can rival the art of many more advanced and more materialistic cultures. There is nothing seductive or elegant about Mayan art, and yet it is in no way harsh or brutal. The latent brutality of the American native did not emerge in art until Toltec and Aztec times. Mayan art is severe and, in so far as it deals with representations of its religious rites, ruthless in its delineation. But the artist is always more concerned with the mode of representation than with the subject represented. It is this devotion to manner rather than matter that makes Mayan art an art of a very high order. Like the animal-style of the Siberians and Scythians, Mayan style is austere and simple and anxious to create æsthetic pleasure rather than to amaze by its richness or its skill. Linear designs instinct with life, strong compositions inspired by a love of form and pattern are its essence.



Mayan stèle from Guatemala showing a king or priest on a throne: below are groups of captives roped together

By courtesy of the Pennsylvania University Museum

Fresh research in recent years in Guatemala and Panama have added much to the already accumulated material of a generation of assiduous workers. American excavators and historians have added much to our knowledge of Mayan ways. Mayan art can convey its own inspiration to us without recourse to the details of Mayan history.

The Annual Report of the National Institute for the Blind mentions an experiment in 'talking books' which may in time help blind people to 'hear' literature instead of 'feeling' it. Meantime, however, there is no question of Braille being usurped in any way. It is interesting to note a request for an enlarged edition of the Braille *Radio Times* and for a Braille version of *THE LISTENER*. The Annual Report of St. Dunstan's is another production which is full of interest. This organisation still has 2,000 men under its care.



*Freedom and Authority in the Modern World***Freedom is Power**

By Professor JOHN MACMURRAY

I HAVE been asked to contribute to this discussion on the relation of Freedom and Authority a statement of my own point of view. I shall try to do what I can in this direction, though I shall obviously have to limit the scope of my exposition severely. I shall attempt to limit myself to a few absolutely fundamental points, and to state them clearly and concretely.

My first point is this. Freedom is what we are all after. Freedom is the universal aim of all men and women and of humanity as a whole. Any human progress is an advance in freedom; and any decline of freedom is a step backwards; a deterioration in human life. That, if you will, is my declaration of faith, though I propose to give you my reason for it in a moment. But to begin with I want to make it shine out as clearly as a beacon on a hill-top at midnight. I do consider that freedom is the pearl of great price, for which the man or woman who understands and has the requisite courage will sacrifice everything else, and if necessary, life itself. Without it, nothing else is of any real value. It is the measure of social good. The value of any form of social life is in the amount of freedom that it provides. The worth of a civilisation is measured by its freedom. The moral stature of an individual is proportional to his freedom. Freedom is, as it were, the atmosphere that men must breathe if they are really to be men. The individual or the nation that gives up freedom to secure anything else whatever—power, wealth, security or whatever it may be—has made a miserably poor bargain. The fight for freedom and the extension and development of freedom is the fight for civilisation, for culture, for progress, for manhood and womanhood. I believe that this is not merely rhetorically true. It is not merely an emotional attitude that I happen to share with a number of other peculiarly constituted individuals. I believe it to be sober, realistic fact.

**The Right to Freedom**

Now let me give you my reason for it. We are all persons. But our capacity to express our personality, and so to be ourselves in all the activities of living, is very variable, and very limited. When we talk about the development of personality we mean that our capacity to express in living what we are in ourselves is only slowly and gradually achieved. Every child that is born is a storehouse of human possibilities. We don't know beforehand what they are, but we do know that only through learning and practice, through slow processes of growth and education; through personal effort and the overcoming of many obstacles, will these possibilities ever be realised in his actual achievements. We *are* persons; yet we have to *become* persons and more and more fully persons; and all of us fail, in greater or lesser degree, to realise the human possibilities that are in us. Our first business, as human beings, is to be ourselves, as fully and completely as we can. I think that if you consider this you will agree with me that it is obvious. It is just nonsense to say that a man hasn't the right to be a man; that any person has no right to be a person. In the nature of things a man must have the right to be as fully and completely a man as it is possible for him to be or to become.

What has this to do with freedom? Simply this, that freedom is being able to be oneself. To be free is to possess the power to live a full human life. In proportion as we are in a position to express in living the human possibilities that are in us, we are free. The development of a man's personality is the development of his freedom. To set a man free is to increase his capacity or his power to be himself; to express the human possibilities that are in him. Or to put it the other way round, it is to remove the restraints that prevent him from expressing *his own* human nature in his life. If, then, this is what we mean by freedom, then it is obvious that freedom is the natural right of everyone. Every man has the right to develop and

express his own personality, to be as fully as possible the human person that he essentially is.

That brings me to my second point, which is also concerned with freedom. You will notice that the right to freedom belongs to persons because they are persons. It is theirs in virtue of their humanity. It is not because he is an Englishman or a white man rather than an Albanian or a Negro that a man has a right to freedom, but because he is a man. It is not because he is clever or rich or well-educated, but simply because he is a human being. So we can state a principle which is of the utmost importance for our discussion. The right to freedom is inherent in our humanity and is not conferred on us by any human authority. It is ours by nature. The right to freedom is independent of authority and beyond all authority. The other aspect of this principle to which I must call your attention is that all men have an equal right to freedom. This must be so because the right to freedom belongs to a human being simply because he is a human being. We are all equally persons, and therefore we have all an equal right to freedom, an equal right to live as full a human life as is possible.

Up to this point I have merely been restating the old doctrines which lie at the basis of modern democracy. They are none the worse for that, and it seems to me very necessary to reaffirm them in the present situation, before going further. But at the same time we must go further, because the pressures and controversies which are raising anew the issue between authority and freedom in Europe are not settled, and cannot be settled merely by reaffirming these two great principles. The whole of what I have said about freedom so far, though it is true, is still abstract. I mean that it has left out of sight the actual conditions under which freedom has to be achieved and exercised. I cannot go into a department store and order freedom over the counter. Neither can I say 'Freedom is the only thing worth having: from this moment on I am going to be free'—and expect a miracle to happen. Freedom is something real, and it has to be achieved in a very hard real solid world which has its own nature and its own ways of behaving. Freedom is power: it is the power to do what, as responsible human beings, we decide is worth doing. We can't get power to do things by wishing for it, or by deciding to have it. If wishes were horses, beggars would ride. Power is only achieved by the mastery of conditions. It is locked up in nature. We have to find it, and enter into possession of it, and learn how to control and direct it, before we can use it and so become free to do what we want to do.

**Bound by Necessity**

I want, therefore, to state a principle which is of tremendous importance at the present time in reference to our whole social, political and economic situation. It is an absolute truism. Yet it is very widely neglected in practice, and the neglect of it is a public danger. It is this, '*Only what is possible can be done*'. Human life is always and everywhere in the grip of necessity. Compared with the field in which we are free, the field of necessity is overwhelmingly vast. The thing that hides this from us and gives us the illusion of being far freer than we are is that we are naturally and by training adapted to the necessity in our world. It is only when we want to do what necessity makes impossible that we are brought up against our limitations; and for the most part we have developed the habit of wanting things that are possible, and not wanting the things that are inevitably beyond our grasp. Yet this necessity of things in which we live and by which we are surrounded, and which lives in us also, though it is far wider in its scope than we usually recognise, is not absolute. There is a limited freedom within it. And it is just in this limited field that what is most characteristic of human life is to be found. The development of human life and human personality consists precisely in



the enlargement of that little field of freedom; in pushing back the borders of the immense primordial forest of necessity that surrounds our little human settlement. Freedom is achieved through a constant struggle with necessity. And in that struggle the way to power is through the knowledge of necessity. Freedom is power. It is power to do the human things in a non-human world. It is power to extend and increase the range of what is possible for men in the expression of human nature. So let us be realists and face the facts. Let us hold on to this concrete fact at least, that a claim to freedom is a claim to power.

### Society Limits Freedom—

But now we must come to grips with our real problem, which is concerned with society and authority. We have now to bring into the picture the all-important fact that human life and human personality are social. This does not mean that they are national, nor does it mean that human beings are all members of organised groups. It means that we need one another in order to live a human life. It is only through one another that we can be ourselves. It is the complex relations between persons that make each of them a human being. I want now, therefore, to draw your attention to one or two of the points at which this fact bears upon the problem of freedom and authority.

In the first place, the fact that we have to live with other people and in relation to other people is a necessity that inevitably limits and circumscribes our freedom. There are thousands of things we want to do that we can't do because of other people. Willy-nilly we have to fit our own lives into a framework formed by the lives of others. Of necessity our own way of living has got to make some sort of pattern with all the others. That is inevitable; not merely desirable. The mere existence of other people whom we have to meet or walk amongst or do business with, the whole nexus of social relations in which we are born and live, is a gigantic and continual pressure of necessity upon us which limits and restricts our freedom till it sometimes seems to disappear altogether. When we think of all the ways in which this fact of society restricts and constrains us, we seem to see society and its organised forces as the great enemy of our freedom. In particular we come to look upon the organised authority of society, upon law and government, as a power exercised against us, limiting our freedom by denying our right to do what we want to do, and forcing us to obey it. When we look at things in this light, authority seems to be the enemy of freedom and our fight for freedom seems to mean a fight against authority.

### —But All Freedom is Social

Now it is perfectly true that all authority limits freedom, and that the fact that we live in society limits freedom. But the first thing to be said about it is that it is inevitable. It is part of the necessity in which we have to live our lives and within which we have to achieve such freedom as is possible. Authority would be a necessary evil, to be kept within as close limits as possible. It is by looking only at this side of the situation that people become individualists. But though it is one aspect of the situation, it is only one aspect. The other is the precise opposite of it. We must look at this other aspect even more carefully, because we are more apt to forget it. Though other people and the organisation of life in society restrict our freedom, this organisation is the source of the very freedom it restricts. All freedom is social. You have only to imagine what your own life would be like if you had to live absolutely alone. You would then be free from all the restrictions that other people and their ways of living impose on you. But you would also be deprived of all the freedom that other people confer upon you. You would be absolutely independent of everyone. But would it be freedom? Freedom, we said, is the power to do what you want, as a responsible human being, to do. You would now have to provide for your own feeding and clothing and shelter, for your own defence, your own amusement. You would have to be your own doctor and everything else. You would be the absolute slave of necessity. Your positive freedom, your power to do what you want to do, would be diminished almost to nothing. When we look at this aspect of the matter we see that the whole of our freedom is given to us by other people; that it is because of our relationship to other people that we are free. So that in society the increase of freedom means the increase in the interdependence of men and women. This increase of interdependence is simply the development of the socialisation of human activity;

and it is the positive basis of every increase in human freedom. And freedom, I must repeat, is the power to do the things we want to do. It is *the* thing that we are all after.

### Gain Through Loss

It looks paradoxical, doesn't it? But that is only because we are blinded by our individualism. The way to get freedom is to give it. The way to gain freedom is to lose it. Restrictions in freedom, if they are the right restrictions, result in an increase of freedom all round. But it ceases to be paradoxical when you take an example. Think of the control of traffic in big towns. Your freedom to go as you please is restricted by the rule of the road, traffic-policemen, traffic-signals and so on; but the result is an incredible increase in everybody's freedom in getting about. This is the main point to keep before our minds throughout these discussions. An increase in restrictions and so in the power of authority may quite easily mean a great increase in freedom for everybody. I do not say that it necessarily must mean this. The wrong sort of increase in authority may quite well mean a decrease in everybody's freedom. But I think that we may be sure of this, that in our present position, when freedom is being diminished, it will only be restored and increased by an increase in authority. What is often talked about as the encroachment of government upon our freedom may be a real attack on freedom or it may be a real increase in freedom. It is in any case inevitable. The real problem is to see that it results in an increase and not in a decrease of freedom on the whole.

Finally, I want to make one or two points about authority. The first is that all authority is limited. Absolute authority is absolute nonsense. Freedom is a natural right, and all authority is a restriction upon freedom. No man or set of men can have a natural right to restrict other people's freedom of action. Authority therefore is always conferred upon certain persons by the rest. It is a right, when it has been conferred and so long as the confidence that has conferred it is not withdrawn. But it is necessarily a derivative right and therefore a secondary one. Consequently the right to exercise authority in society needs justification. The right to be free needs no justification. It rests upon the nature of human personality. Authority rests upon function, and has to be justified by the function it performs, and it is a right only if its function is necessary and if its necessary function is properly performed. Otherwise it ceases to be rightful authority and becomes tyranny.

### True Authority is the Servant of Freedom

What then, in general, is the function of authority? It is to maintain and to increase freedom in society and to distribute it equally among the members of society. It does this by restricting freedom—everybody's freedom—in order to increase everybody's freedom through the organised co-operation and interdependence which the restrictions make possible. Authority, when it is true authority, is thus always relative to freedom and the servant of freedom. There is no other way in which authority can be judged or justified except by answering the question: Does it or does it not serve the purpose of increasing the freedom of men in society, and does it or does it not distribute the freedom it achieves properly—that is to say justly—among those over whom it is exercised?

This, then, is my view about the proper relation of freedom and authority in society. Freedom is the peculiar and essential character of human nature. To be free is to be human, to be really ourselves. The freer we are the more we are our real human selves. So there is a right to freedom inherent in every man because he is human, and for the same reason it is an equal right in every man. Authority arises from the social interdependence of men and women upon one another, to serve the struggle for freedom, which is the struggle for the development and realisation of human personality in society. That is the only justification for the exercise of authority. If authority does not serve the cause of freedom it is an attack upon human personality, and has no right and no justification. It becomes a monstrous cancer in the body of humanity. And all this has to be taken quite concretely. Freedom is power. The claim to freedom is a claim to power, to the whole range of conditions and facilities and opportunities and means to do what, as a responsible human being, a man or woman wants to do. And power is fundamentally material. There is no way in which freedom can be assured to man without putting him in possession of the material means by which he can live the full life of human personality.





Drawn for THE LISTENER by Thomas Derrick

### Speeches that Never Happened

## The Candidate Who Was Candid

By WINIFRED HOLTBY

In this first of a new series of imaginary speeches Mr. Gregory Grigson, Parliamentary Candidate for Gloomington-under-the-Weather, addresses his constituents

**M**Y lord, ladies and gentlemen, I rise with due recognition of the honour which I am doing you, by devoting an entire evening (*Cheers*) to the consumption of indigestible food, the inhalation of stagnant and exhausted air, and the endurance of mediocre oratory by Lord Rollingstone and his fellow constituents (*Cheers*).

It was my intention to thank Lord Rollingstone for his gracious and generous remarks; I shall not now do so, for they were, to say the least of it, hardly generous. (*Hear, hear.*) The after-dinner speaker is entitled to expect a little flattery. One of the few compensations in political life is hearing oneself called a fine fellow in public. (*Laughter.*) But did Lord Rollingstone, I ask you, avail himself of his opportunities? No, rather did he parade his own eloquence with lengthy diatribes on the traditions of British Liberalism, on the liberty of Milton's England, or the indomitable spirit of Mr. Gladstone, all the while, I claim, wasting the time allotted to myself and never paying me the tribute of a single compliment. I am aware, gentlemen, of the unfortunate relationship between us. Lord Rollingstone, Chairman of our Liberal Association, is pleased—er—is, I may say misguidedly prompted—to dislike me. (*No, no! Hear, hear! etc.*) Yes, my lord, yes, ladies and gentlemen, as too often occurs in a local organisation, the Chairman disapproves of the choice of candidate. (*No, no! Shame! etc.*) He had hoped—I say this with regret—he had hoped to see his nephew, Captain Angus Cardover, in my place. Am I to blame—I ask you—for the fact that a rich young whipper-snapper, deficient in capacity, locked in indolence and destitute of principle, should not be acceptable to our Selection Committee? Lord Rollingstone himself could have resigned had it not been for the cherished belief that an Earldom may be the reward of retention of office. (*Hear, hear.*) To him I retort in the words of the poet:

The glories of our blood and state  
Are shadows not substantial things.

Now, ladies and gentlemen, despite the vicissitudes that have attended my selection, I am here tonight (*Cheers*); and it is my duty, my honourable but exasperating duty, to place myself, my purse, my qualities and my wife at your disposal. On the one hand, my friends, you have secured my political services,

together with the customary attentions—and . . . er—emoluments upon which our great Democratic Constitutional Machine is founded. (*Cheers.*) I am to pay—through the generosity of my father-in-law—whom I am delighted to see here tonight in person—the annual sum of £700 to support the local organisation. In election years my father-in-law will contribute the further sum of £500. My dear wife (*Cheers*)—to whose indefatigable stimulation I owe more than I am prepared to say—will open sports and bazaars in the constituency, present prizes, visit hospitals and lay foundation-stones, up to an annual cost of no less than £650. My election account is already debited to the extent of £70 for her public attire—God bless her. (*Cheers.*) Nay, more, our groceries have already been ordered exclusively from Gloomington shops, and these orders will be continued during the whole campaign. (*Cheers.*) My rival candidate, Captain Cardover, ladies and gentlemen, offered only £200 a year, and £350 at election times. He had no wife. He had no father-in-law. What chance had he of nomination? (*Cheers.*) Here in England—whatever may happen in Russia, Italy or Nicaragua (*Laughter*), the best man wins. (*Cheers.*)

On the other hand, my friends, I shall in the first place reap the inestimable, the—I almost might say, essential—benefit of pleasing my dear father-in-law. He is a Liberal; he is a father; he is, I dare even say, a convinced Free Trader. (*Cheers.*) As an importer of foreign textiles, my friends, he has a sincere, I might almost say a fanatical, horror of Protection. As his son-in-law, I could hardly do less than consult, indeed, than honour, his convictions. Secondly, my dear wife will gain that social prestige which she has been seeking. It is her belief that as the wife of a Parliamentary candidate she is likely to meet the aristocracy, and it was her desire originally that I should stand as a Conservative. She finds that working for Conservatism brings her into touch with . . . er—in her own words—Really Nice People. Lastly, as to myself. (*Cheers.*) I myself am aware that Parliamentary candidature, though a somewhat expensive method of advertisement, would undoubtedly benefit my professional career. I am a man of broad views. I have no political principles. But in view of my father-in-law's preferences, in view of your choice, in view of the inconveniences which might arise should I stand for either other party, and thus run the



risk of being elected—in these considerations, ladies and gentlemen, I have agreed to sink my personal predilections, to embrace the banner raised by Gladstone and Campbell-Bannerman, to take up the sword dropped by your former candidate—in short, to offer myself, ladies and gentlemen, as champion of the Liberal cause in Gloomington-under-the-Weather. (*Cheers.*)

Yes, ladies and gentlemen, I admit the sacrifice. Far be it from me to disclaim my honourable scars. This is a large constituency. (*Cheers.*) It is scattered; it is inconvenient; it is expensive; it is badly organised; it is poor. Yet I think, ladies and gentlemen, that we here in Gloomington should congratulate ourselves. (*Hear, hear.*) I know that the Socialists are asking for a yearly subscription of £300 from their candidate; and £1,500 election expenses. And they will get it—let me warn you—they will get it.

Since we Liberals decided to contest the seat there is a chance that the anti-Socialist vote will be split, and the Trade Unions and the Co-operative Societies have not been slow to avail themselves of this advantage. It is their money behind my Socialist rival, and I assert with righteous indignation that I prefer the honourable financial backing of my father-in-law. (*Loud cheers.*) As for the Conservatives, this is one of their most expensive seats, since its safety heretofore has stimulated demand and there is no local magnate to defray the cost. Thank God, I say, that British politics are *clean*. This is a country where constituencies and votes cannot be bribed. We are not as the French, the Poles, the Americans are—yes; and as the Indians may be, if the Liberal policy in that great Empire is carried out. No, ladies and gentlemen, votes are not *bought* in England. They are only paid for. (*Cheers.*)

I am no Liberal because it is cheap (*Cheers*), but I confess it was a consideration. I am no Liberal because of my father-in-law (*Cheers*), although I acknowledge the essential nature of his help. I am a Liberal because I have always felt that the defence of Liberty and individualism has always been an essential ingredient of every successful political programme. Therefore, I stand for freedom. I have served a long apprenticeship to the struggle for Liberty. In my parents' home; in my school, in my dear wife's family—most of all, let me pay a tribute to the political education provided by my dear wife's family—there I have learned to hate oppression, to dread the tyrannous interference of Authority. (*Cheers.*)

And now we face together, you and I, ladies and gentlemen, the insidious menace of Dictatorship. Fascism and Communism alike confront us with their twin horrors. Ladies and gentlemen, do not be dismayed. They are the most potent allies that

Liberalism today possesses. So long as tyranny threatens us, Liberalism will live in England. The one thing that could kill English Liberalism is a Liberal Government. (*Cheers.*)

Ladies and gentlemen, we Liberals must never return to office. We have no leaders; the Conservatives have seduced them. We have no programme; the Socialists have stolen it. But we have the invincible self-righteousness of an inveterate opposition. (*Cheers.*) Yes, ladies and gentlemen, in office we are bound to arouse antagonism; we are doomed to betray our principles; action is illiberal, and inaction is unpopular. But if we keep the Conservatives in office we deprive the Diehards of any excuse to join the Blackshirts. If we put Labour into power we provide ourselves with a superb example of its folly. We know that every Government is bound to commit errors. We know that under the sacred principles of English party politics, whatever the other side does is always wrong and wicked; that the same thing done by our own side is always virtuous and right. It is our happy privilege to preserve this faith, and nowhere can it more easily be preserved than on the back Opposition benches. In office, the actions of Liberal Cabinets may not always have been wholly successful; but out of office, how they glow in memory! How our memories of what we *have* done, and dreams of what we *would* do were we returned to power, outshine the ignoble realities of action! The material fruits of office, ladies and gentlemen, are as nothing beside the spiritual satisfactions of a critical minority. (*Cheers.*)

But, ladies and gentlemen, we have a duty to our Party. (*Cheers.*) We must fight. (*Cheers.*) We must go forward. (*Cheers and prolonged applause.*) What matter where we go! Provided that, in this age of stupefying inaction, we keep moving. If we fail, if we falter, if we allow ourselves to stumble into lethargy, the local associations would decline; subscriptions would fall off; I hardly dare to mention it—but (*awestruck*) the agents' salaries would have to be reduced! No! Never, never! (*Cheers, prolonged and ardent.*) No, gentlemen—let us stand and fight together. We know what is at stake—the Liberal Club rooms, the clerkships, the Recreation Hall, the Ladies' Association; the livelihood and prosperity of the Party Agents; my reputation; my wife's ambition; my father-in-law's profits. In the name of our common faith, our united interests, in the name of middle-class indignation against Conservative snobbery and of respectable contempt for Socialist vulgarities, in the name of all that is English, democratic, compromising and complacent, I thank you for drinking this toast to the Liberal Party, coupled with your proud and worthy servant, your Candidate. Thank you. (*Prolonged and resounding cheers.*)

## Gardening

### Fruit Harvesting and Storing

**M**OST of you will have finished gathering apples and pears by this time—especially as this year many varieties have matured unusually early! All the same, I hope you haven't gathered all the late keeping sorts, because you'll find that fruit picked too soon never keeps well.

The time for gathering any variety varies according to the type of tree, the soil, and other local conditions. There is only one real guide, and that is the condition of the fruit itself, and the easiest way to tell is to test a few now and then. Simply take an average apple in your hand and lift it to a horizontal position. If it is ready it will come off quite easily, without any tugging or twisting: if it won't, it isn't ready, and should be left and examined again later. When you find they come off easily, then start picking that tree right away—but even then, it isn't always wise to strip a tree at one go. With many apples, and nearly all the pears, it pays to spread the picking over several days, taking only those which are ready. This applies especially to pears, which hardly ever ripen all together.

Another point: it always pays to sort the crop over and grade it before storing it away. It saves endless bother and trouble later on. You can easily grade as you pick, using two or three baskets, and putting the sound fruit into one; the bruised or bird-picked into another; and the bad and diseased ones into the odd basket.

Don't try to keep apples and pears long past their normal 'season'. You are bound to lose a lot if you do. Every variety has its proper 'season', this being the period when the fruit is at its best for use. Some have a very short season, and have to be eaten immediately they are gathered, while others will keep good for several months. For instance, Devonshire Quarrenden is an August apple, and it is no use trying to keep it, whereas Cox's Orange Pippin is at its best from November till January and February.

It is no use trying to keep fruit in warm dry rooms, or in the

kitchen cupboard. The cold places are the best, so long as you can keep out the actual frost. The thing is to find a place where the temperature will stand reasonably steady, not jump up to sixty degrees one day, and drop down to zero the next. For apples somewhere round about thirty-five to forty degrees is the best, if you can manage it: pears like it a few degrees warmer. It is best if the store is kept darkened, and if you have a place with an earth floor so much the better, it keeps the air slightly moist, which is better than a very dry atmosphere. I think the best and most convenient method of storing—certainly for pears and choice dessert apples—is on slatted shelves or trays. The portable trays that you can buy or make, which stand one on top of the other, yet allow the air to circulate round and between the fruits, are excellent. You can store the late keeping sorts in ordinary wooden boxes, and if you are careful to put in only sound fruit, and pack them carefully, you can put lids on the boxes and stack them away in any cool place until wanted, but not past the proper 'season' for the variety, remember! If necessary, you can simply pile the apples two or three layers deep on a bed of clean straw in the cellar or loft; or if you can't find room indoors at all, and you have several bushels of a good late keeping sort, you can store them out of doors under a covering of earth and straw, just as the farmer clamps his potatoes and roots; but if you make a clamp, choose a well drained site for it and don't forget to fix in some ventilators of some kind along the top of the ridge.

It is quite a good plan to wrap the best apples and pears in thin tissue paper before you put them away. You can get specially prepared papers—known as 'fruit wraps'—about ten inches square, and treated with a special oil to prevent rotting and to hold the fruit firm and sound. These wraps are not expensive, and there is no doubt at all in my mind that, in any store, wrapped fruits will remain firm and sound much longer than fruit which is stored unwrapped.

A. N. RAWES



## The Cinema

*A Critic's Testament*

By ALISTAIR COOKE

**B**EFORE we settle down for the winter I think you should know some of the oddities and difficulties of my position. To those of you who know and are charitable I must offer my apologies. But many more of us, I think, are not aware just how feverishly some people hang on these harmless words, ready with a pen, paper, and the blank form of a libel action. Such devoted listeners, I am told, are usually interested parties—say a producer, a director, a casting manager, the officials of theatre circuits. To these I must recite my little declaration of independence. Which goes like this:

I declare that I am a critic trying to interest a lot of people into seeing, a few ambitious people into making, interesting films. I have no personal interest in any company. As a critic I am without politics and without class. I swear I am committed to no country, no director, no star, no theme, no style. For a film hero I am prepared to take John Barrymore, George Robey, a Battleship, Mickey Mouse, or an Italian Straw Hat. I hope that everyone who wants to make a lot of money in films will make it, that every girl who aches to become a star overnight will become one. I hope a little more fervently that any man or woman who can make an interesting film will somehow, somewhere, be allowed to make it. My malice extends only to those who have a dull talent and continue to exploit it, whether they live in London, Hollywood, Moscow, the African jungle, or behind the sets of a musical comedy. All hail, therefore, Amkino, Fox, Gainsborough, Gaumont-British, Paramount, R.K.O., Ufa, and Universal. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, long may your lion roar. Greetings of equal warmth to the Hollywood Academy of Motion Picture Directors, the London Film Society, the Edinburgh Film Guild, the Merseyside Workers Society, and all users of 8 mm. home movies. For Victor Fleming, Alexander Korda, Pabst, Eisenstein and Eddie Cantor . . . a sincere cheer. These are my respects. And now I hope I may not be misunderstood when in the future I find fault with the works of any of these institutions.

**Critics Can Have No Politics**

A month or two ago I had an earnest letter asking me rather gravely what I was going to do about politics. Like most other people I am just now much more anxious to know what in the next few years politics is going to do about me. Happily, I can only repeat that as a critic I can *have* no politics. But my correspondent was not beside the point. He went on to say . . . 'What, for instance, will be your attitude to *war* films?'

Well, it would be very coy of me to talk about photography, about cutting, about technical details of acting and at the same time profess a vast, naive ignorance of the forces that more and more will make or destroy our lives. I know, for example, that very many of you sincerely believe that wars, however hideous, are still the most straightforward way of settling international quarrels. And I also know that very many of you find it daily harder to believe that wars are conducted by disinterested parties for noble reasons. I don't see how you can contrive to squeeze in a compromise between these two honest attitudes. And it certainly isn't my business to try. But however weak or however decisive your opinions may be, usually they are formed in a more random way than most of us would care to confess. On this topic, for example, a firm militarist may be made by some personal experience of physical heroism, by a cartoon in *Punch*, by a politician's remembered speech. And for all I know Mr. Archibald MacLeish's recent article in the American magazine *Fortune* on the sale of armaments may have a profound influence on European politics; may, in fact, save several million necks. And nowadays, much more than newspapers, much more than books, the most popular, and I believe by far the most powerful, opinion machine, is the cinema. The story film is a machine which manufactures for us attitudes, sentimentalities, disguises, through which we can hope to escape the real difficulties of our private lives. And no effort of the imagination could create more vivid ready-made opinions about international affairs than the news-reel. Because it is a visual thing. You see a photograph and you are tricked into thinking you have seen some part of the actual facts. But it is only a fact some hectic camera-man has selected. And sometimes the false selection of incident is not the conscious work of any man: it may be

in the angle at which his camera was tilted. A scene of a riot, or an accident, or a parliamentary session abroad can, of course, very sharply puncture a legend. But it can also inflate one. It would be nice to know just how fearful a bogeyman Napoleon would have seemed to the inhabitants of the south coast of England if they could have seen him in the news-reels.

And even in the story-film itself, the feature picture that seems so guilelessly, so comfortably far away from these grim realities, there is constantly an implication it is impossible to overlook. I mean a political, a social one. A film directed by, say, Lubitsch, is a film created by the society in which he lives. And those who saw a single film of his before he went to Hollywood will not need to search very far to discover where Mr. Lubitsch learned to represent that very ritzy sort of poverty in which Miriam Hopkins and Gary Cooper basked in 'Design for Living'.

**What Makes a 'Good' or a 'Bad' Film?**

And yet, however much I might want in private to rage or protest or moralise, these actions have nothing to do with criticism. As a moralist I could be shocked. As an educationist I might lament that the subject was not elevating. As a business man I might feel glum that the seduction was clumsy and therefore bad box-office. But I am not a moralist, an educator, a business man. I am merely a critic and I have to try and decide whether Miss Harlow's smiles and pouts were performed expertly enough to entice Mr. Gable away, and whether in deserting his Texas farm for Miss Harlow he was being wicked, obvious, tactful, or just plain cynical. So if a film comes from Elstree and is full of propaganda for, let's say, social slavery, it is not for me to say that such propaganda is shocking. It is simply my job to try and describe how tellingly the propaganda has been done. And similarly, if a film from Russia teems with propaganda for Communism, it is entirely impertinent for me as a critic to say whether Communism is a good or a bad thing. I have to say if the story, the direction, the acting, are likely to move you to believe for the time being in the propaganda. If they don't, the film is trivial. If they do, it's probably a good film. And there goes one of two words I have been trying all along to avoid using: the words 'good' and 'bad'. Which brings us to the question of praise and abuse.

**Seeing Differences Where Others See Similarities**

To say 'this is a better film than that' is practically a useless remark. It's a roundabout way of saying, 'You listen to me—I'll tell you what's what'. And critics are a roguish race who have developed with considerable cunning ways of telling you just that. When you see on the cover of a book, 'A remarkable book . . . magnificent in its delicacy, its sweep, its power . . . and similar quotations, you know that the man who said that didn't have time to think. Otherwise he would have been able to tell you *why* it was remarkable, and not just behave as we all did *creditably* at the age of twelve and leave the poor book with an elaborate tick in the margin, which merely says, 'I approve; others do likewise'. In short, a critic should defend and explain his *opinion*, not *himself*. Yet to do this, I suppose he had better know himself very well indeed, say about half as well as his friends know him. I think he will then decide—and at first it's an awful shock—that his job has actually very little to do with liking and disliking. As I see it, a critic is firstly a person who sees differences where other persons are liable to see only similarities. He has to distinguish things that look the same. And there is perhaps only one occasion when he should heartily condemn. That is when he strongly dislikes a film, thinks he knows good reasons why, and is sure that the film is likely to set a fashion in dullness.

You will want to know how this works out in practice. Well, take a film I like and one I dislike. The film I like is of a certain type—a murder mystery. It is called 'The Thin Man'. But it is for once so much better than its type that it becomes a remarkable film. The film I dislike (which is called 'The Fountain') is a type I much prefer to murder mysteries, but this example of the romantic film is very much worse than its type and in one thing—its dialogue—sets a new fashion in pretentiousness. I believe that it is my duty to you to review at greater



length 'The Fountain' than 'The Thin Man' because most of you will see 'The Thin Man', will see a murder film fairly rattling with detectives and thugs made into a gay, neat comedy. But 'The Fountain' may be copied and imitated and a new fashion in boredom may catch you unawares. The pretentiousness lies in its slow, bemused stretches of dialogue. It is the sort of film in which the feelings of the characters, especially of the man and the girl, are represented as being so noble, so fine, that it seems to hurt the author to reduce them to the vulgarity of mere words, and when he does get them down and you hear two people in love, you look around the theatre and wonder if any of these ordinary nice people like you and me have ever aspired to this lofty highbrow business of being in love.

So for these reasons I shall talk mainly about films I like, about scenes I like, about bits of acting, story, and direction I like. Because I think you bore people less by talking about things you like. A film you like, as also a person, may become, if you will make the effort, something you understand. Unfortunately abuse is much more attractive, much more dramatic, than praise. And many critics anxious to cut a figure in this world like to have lots of things around to dislike. I plead guilty to this failing and though I promise to abuse nothing—sometimes my temper is liable to get the better of me.

But on the whole I shall try and keep religiously to a sentence I am just writing on the table with my thumb. This is it . . . *I mean what I say*. Please don't try to seek implications. Don't say 'Well, of course, he's soft-peddalling there . . . he really means he hates her'.

### A Few Personal Whims

After these rather solemn promises I come to the most ticklish part of this critic's testament, I mean my confessional, the personal whims, prejudices you'll have to keep an eye on. There is only one major one. And because it is common to all critics and I dare say to all men and women, I mention it here. And also because I have never seen any critic confess to it. It is a particular warning about the criticism of actresses. There are lots of reasons why I should like an actress. But if not the chief one, I'm sure the first one is—because she's a woman. This is something outside the control of criticism, education, intellect, what you will. I will in the future give you very plausible, very responsible reasons why Miss Nastasia Vine's performance was, just a little, off. The real reason will be, probably, that her features, her colouring, her eyes, aren't the sort I like.

Two or three years ago the world could be divided into two classes, those who liked Greta Garbo and hated Marlene Dietrich, and those who liked Marlene Dietrich and hated

Greta Garbo. There were numerous variations and subdivisions, as of people who thought a lot about Greta Garbo and didn't think at all about Marlene Dietrich. But this was the issue. Then in another year Miss Dietrich was for the time overshadowed and the choice was between Katherine Hepburn and Garbo. And this will always go on.

I hear some of you say that a critic should be above such sensual competition. But even a critic has a heart. Or had one before he became one. And though I solemnly swear to take no new lights of love, I can't abruptly get rid of all my old flames. Their impression is there, even if I've done with them. I believe it my duty to tell you, for instance, that until very recently I was in love with Loretta Young. Now, please . . . there's no point in snorting, or saying 'Tut-tut', or even, I'm sorry to say, in applauding loudly. It just happens that my peculiar chemistry and Miss Young's peculiar chemistry seem to click, I hope. And I shall probably be abominably unfair to the rest of the cast in her pictures. Another way you can tell my personal feelings about an actress, and so learn to ignore them, is when I'm specially catty about her. This will almost certainly mean she *was* a flame but now I feel for her only that slight contempt, that abominable faint pity one triumphantly feels for people one did love but now loves no more.

And now, having said all this, I'm going to ask you not to hold any of it against me. I have tried to put before you the severe limitations of a film critic, and to say (for my own guidance as well as for your reassurance) what he should *not* pretend to be. You may feel, therefore, that I'm going to behave very nicely and nobody is ever going to be outraged. But of course, they are bound to be. And it may often be my fault. Only I take no responsibility if, when I say that Miss Hepburn's hair was a little untidy in these scenes, I should the next day receive a cabled suit for slander from the Master Barbers' Association of Southern California. Because it's humanly impossible to work out a plan of dealing with a million or two men and women and then to live precisely up to it. If I could always keep to my purpose, if I could always know exactly when I wasn't just praising, or abusing, or airing a prejudice, I should be . . . well . . . I should be Shakespeare or Goethe. On the contrary, being me, I can only ring a bell or, better, have someone in the studio blow a whistle, every time a prejudice comes along that I know I have.

As for all the unconscious prejudices, confusions, all the times when I'm not sure whether I'm feeling like myself or more like somebody I'd like to think I was, or like someone I admired felt—these you'll have to put up with. But please *pity* your new teacher and remember they are much more of a burden to him than they'll ever be to you.

## Shooting for the Films

By PAT FORREST

**I**F there is one thing I wouldn't choose to be in order to see anything it is a camera-man. They work twenty-four hours a day for three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, they are jumping about from one spot on the map to another for days at a time and at a moment's notice, go without sleep and without food, get soaked to the skin and frozen to the marrow—in fact the only pleasure they get is in knowing that they have got a good picture, and they don't always get that. But they are a fine lot of lads, and they have one single object: they want the picture and they want it first.

When I went out on my first job I was attached to Alfred Tunwell, 'ace' camera-man of British Movietone, and one of the best in the country. The job was at the last Test Match at the Oval, and it was quite an important affair as far as we were concerned. We had two crews on—each crew consists of a camera-man and a sound operator—and a silent man. There was one crew at the top of the west stand, and the other was in a crow's-nest sort of thing, taking a perfect cross-section view of the wickets. The silent man hung about the edge of the playing pitch getting shots of the players coming out. It was fun to see him being-refused a picture by Ponsford, hero of the day, but I daresay it wasn't very funny for him. He got it though. By the way, all the gear had to be hauled up to these positions, and it isn't a light job, either. The approximate weight is between six and eight hundred pounds.

The first day of the Test a couple of pirate companies had

cameras on a house overlooking the ground. We quickly rigged up huge mirrors on a building on the other side of the ground, with the object of flashing the sun into their lenses. The players complained, though, and the police stopped it. The next day there was a very high wind, and on the roof of the stand we had to hold the camera down to prevent its being blown over the edge. We nearly lost our cameras two or three times. And then wouldn't someone have had his pay envelope docked! A camera costs something like £1,500, and the whole gear £5,000. It wasn't safe to stand upright in that sixty-mile-an-hour gale. Those beautiful close-up shots of the players, so good that you can see whether a man has cut his chin while shaving, are taken from a distance of anything up to five hundred yards, with special long-range lenses that look like young shells. All our close-ups of players at the wicket were taken at 330 yards range.

One of the first things I learnt was that a camera-man daren't wear good clothes. He climbs too many scaffoldings and brick walls for that. One of the chief worries is how to look as if you had been dressed by Saville Row, after climbing over walls, falling out of trees, wading through water, and that sort of thing.

My next assignment was to meet the American warship *Minneapolis* on her visit to the Thames. She was due to drop her hook at eight in the morning, and we chartered a launch and went out to meet her. She arrived at three in the afternoon. When we did get aboard her, we were kept waiting for an hour.



With American cuteness the officers questioned us about the times of trains, etc., to London, and when they had got all they wanted to know the skipper sent his compliments, was glad to see us, but regretted that we couldn't take any pictures. All we got was pictures of her coming up the river.

Then we went to Braemar. We got aboard the truck and started out: the truck, by the way, is a very fast and very smart saloon car, with the roof specially made to take a camera and two men. When you see a fast racing picture at Brooklands, and the camera is moving around the track just in front of a motor-car travelling at 100 miles an hour, think of Paul Wyand, Movietone's motoring camera-man, perched with his camera on the top of his car, which is travelling at just over a hundred. Paul, by the way, knows every inch of that track. Perhaps you remember when poor Clive Dunfee crashed to his death over the banking, two or three years ago. Wyand got a picture of the crash. It took place at a most unexpected part of the track. Unexpected, that is, to everyone except Wyand. He had figured out that one day someone would crash at that part of the track, and some instinct took him there that day to turn just as Clive Dunfee spun over to his death. His pictures formed very important evidence at the inquest.

But I was saying that we started out on the truck to Braemar. We got there, and found that the usual difficulties of photographing members of the Royal family were present. The ones we wanted most, those of the Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret Rose, were almost impossible to get. There was a line of police to prevent it. Eventually we did, the silent man setting his camera in motion and making a break through the arms of the police. It worked, and he got a fine human little picture. He was warned off for his pains, though.

There was rather a fuss about the broadcasting of the recent Petersen-Gains fight at the White City, and everyone connected with the B.B.C. seemed to be barred from attending. I was there as a camera-man of course, but that didn't prevent me smiling to myself when a very good friend of Jeff Dickson, the fight promoter, while watching us fix up microphones over the ring, offered to bet me that no one connected with the B.B.C. would fix up a microphone there. I nearly took the bet!

In filming all important fights, every crew is there. In this case we had a stand above the heads of the ringside crowd, with four cameras set up. Two were taking pictures every second of

the fight, while the slow motions and the close-up men turned when they thought they would get something good. In addition, our old friend the silent man was dodging about the ringside getting pictures from that angle. Where any two or more cameras are shooting, the film is made up of the best shots from all the cameras. Our stand at this fight was about twenty feet high, and we went there in the afternoon to fix up the cameras. At this point someone nearly got out Tunwell's obituary. He was at the top of the stand, guiding up the heavy box containing the camera. His sound engineer and I were pulling it up by means of a rope and a pulley. Just as it got to the top, and Tunwell

had grabbed it ready to pull it on to the stand, the rope snapped, and he was left hanging on to the hundredweight of camera and case, on the edge of a twenty-foot drop, while someone shinned up the ladder to his assistance. He got off with a pair of broken spectacles.

Of course, there is another angle to the taking of photographs. Each reel is sent off by high speed messenger the moment it is taken, together with the 'dope sheets'—the lists of the shots taken, with helpful information for the film editor.

Attached to every big sound news company there is a flying unit. Jack Cotter does all the flying for British Movietone. I went up with him one day. We went down to the Ford aerodrome at Littlehampton, where Sir Alan Cobham and Squad-

ron-Leader-Helmore were doing a practice refuelling flight. On the first flight we got half through the picture when we found that the batteries to drive the motor were running down. We dropped back to earth in a hurry, and borrowed batteries from the ground crew. The pictures were taken quite well the second time, through the specially cut away sides of the plane. The pilot, Philip Bailey, does about six thousand miles a month on this sort of job.

Taking it on the whole, a news-reel camera-man's life is a fine one; but he doesn't have to be a softy. He works all day, and every day. He is married to his camera, and she is a wench who needs a lot of humouring.

The twelve talks to schools this term on 'Tracing History Backwards' will be given by Mr. K. C. Boswell (Lecturer in Modern History, Royal Military Academy, Woolwich), author of the pamphlet accompanying the series. Commander Stephen King-Hall will resume his part in the series on his return from America.



The author at work

Fox Photos



# Microphone Miscellany

*Some extracts from recent broadcast talks*

## Bygone Days in Whitechapel

I HAVE LIVED in the best part of London, which is Whitechapel and Bow, for nearly seventy years. When I was a boy, citizens of Whitechapel were known as 'Whitechapel Bird Catchers' because some of us caught sparrows, coloured them, and then sold them on Saturday nights as canaries and other singing birds. It may be this practice still survives on Sunday mornings in Club Row.

As quite a young boy with my brother and others, Saturday night was a great feeding festival. To this day I am one of the vulgar persons who love eating while walking along the streets.

dance we produce a blessing to all. We were born to live, and we should work so as to give us all more leisure to be used for spreading joy and peace in the place of unemployment and want.

GEORGE LANSBURY

## Cotton Reorganisation Schemes

*Broadcast on October 9*

SCHEMES TO REORGANISE the cotton industry are no new thing; the history of the last six or seven years is one of a succession of abortive plans to secure voluntary co-operation to check the industry's decline, so it is hard not to be sceptical about the schemes that the Federation of Master Cotton Spinners' Associations have launched today. These may lead to action: they have the advantage that they start with a self-contained section of the industry that has recently been struggling to save itself.

The Federation's proposal is to bring all spinners into an Association which will regulate production and maintain minimum prices. It is an extension in form, and an enlargement in scope, of a number of group agreements made in the last twelve months. This control of production is to be voluntary. You might compare it, I think, with the machinery of the Coal Mines Act of 1930. But cotton does not ask, yet, for the backing from Parliament which coal found necessary.

The other scheme—to eliminate surplus spinning plant—resembles that under which British shipbuilders are closing down redundant shipyards. But the shipbuilding scheme is voluntary, and the spinners propose to ask for authority from Parliament to raise funds by a levy on working plant, to buy up mills for



Wayside refreshment in the 'nineties: 'sherbet and water' in Cheapside—

But our greatest joy, although well fed at home, was to buy stewed eels, fruit and meat pies and fresh green peas, all at a penny or twopence apiece, the peas being served in a small cup. Baked potatoes and fried fish were also much in demand, the delicious chips were not on sale till much later. If our pennies lasted out, we visited shows of all kinds: strong men, fire eaters, fat women and skeleton men, Siamese twins and freaks of all descriptions, and sometimes a make-believe prize fight. In the midst of it all the strains of a German band might be heard. Indoor entertainments were largely melodrama in the theatres and variety in the music-halls. The name I remember most is George Leybourne.

Our streets and roads were very dark, lighted by gas which gave a deadly dull light, and badly paved. There was no continuous water supply, scarcely any health services, no free compulsory education—such education as I received cost 4d. a week—no electric or other trams, no motor-buses, cars or bikes, no splendid theatres, music-halls or cinemas such as we have now, a very small sulphurous underground railway, no gramophones, no telephones, no cheap telegrams, no wireless broadcasting, no universal suffrage, no County or Borough Councils, no Thames Embankment, no Holborn Viaduct, no Aldwych or Kingsway. Now we are possessed of every one of these and even other material advantages, and still we are not altogether happy because we don't feel secure. Let us all enjoy ourselves during this and other entertainments, and by so doing free our minds, so that together we may find the means of turning insecurity into security and making the abun-



—and chance chippings from the ice-cart in New Cut

*Photographs: Paul Martin*

scrapping or sealing. The aim is to reduce the nominal number of cotton spindles in this country by one-fifth.

Cotton spinners have now to say whether they are prepared to accept a framework of control—which many of them dislike intensely—as the only means of stopping the rot and of seeing that the industry is contracted in an orderly way to a size more suitable for its shrunken volume of business. Even if the schemes go forward, the cotton trade will be only at the beginning of the reorganisation that it needs, but a big step will have



been taken. Similar ideas of co-operation are also stirring in other sections of the cotton industry, and perhaps it is not too much to hope that the next twelve months will see some progress made at last.

A. P. WADSWORTH

## Anglo-Norwegian Fisheries Dispute

EVERY MARITIME COUNTRY HAS jurisdiction over a certain stretch of water from her coasts—known as territorial waters. We claim three miles in this way and the Norwegians four.

A Norwegian decree of 1812 laid down that their four-mile limit should be measured away from the land from the outermost rock or island not washed over by the sea. But the Norwegians sometimes interpret this as including not merely a zone of four miles from the islands or rocks themselves, but four miles outside the lines drawn between them on the chart. In some cases these lines have even been drawn between rocks far out at sea and invisible at high tide. This means that considerable slices of fishing ground which we should regard as part of the high sea, and so free to all nations, are looked upon by the Norwegians as their property.

The British aren't arguing as to whether the territorial limit shall be three miles or four. All we want is some hard-and-fast ruling as to how the base lines between islands, rocks and so on are drawn. We have constantly pressed for this, but so far without result. As they aren't rigidly fixed, they can be applied more or less indiscriminately as the basis of any and every claim against British trawlers for poaching inside Norwegian waters. Hence the difficulty of dealing with cases of alleged illegal trawling.

The uncertainty inflicts a great hardship on our men, who are, on the whole, a law-abiding community. They certainly don't want to get into trouble and be punished for poaching. Yet how can they avoid territorial waters if they don't know where they end?

The Norwegian fishermen say that for generations many of them have laid their lines far out at sea off their villages—sometimes as far as twenty miles—and have left them out without adequate buoys and with no lights at night. That was all right before trawlers took to using the same areas, which they are doing now, because of the development and extension of modern fishing. A trawl, as you know, is a heavy net towed along the sea bottom, and the Norwegian lines have often been destroyed. It is obvious our men can't help fouling them if they don't know where they are because they are unlit and improperly buoyed.

As a result of this, relations between the fishermen have become rather strained, and the Norwegians are pressing their Government to exclude British trawlers from anywhere near their coast. In the present temper of the Norwegian fishing population no limits fixed by the Norwegian Parliament are likely to be reasonable from the British point of view. Britain has, therefore, agreed to certain temporary limits, while endeavouring to find some means of settling disputes outside them.

The whole situation is rather complex. There is much to be said on both sides; but it is perfectly clear that the remedy doesn't lie in any extension of Norwegian territorial waters. The real solution seems to be in a certain amount of give and take on both sides and the readiness of the Norwegians to share these off-shore fishing grounds outside territorial limits with the fishermen of other countries. There are plenty of fish for all. If a regular Convention existed allowing British and Norwegians to use the same waters, the Norwegian lines would be properly marked and lit, and our men would be bound to avoid them. The area would also be policed by the navies of both countries and disputes settled on the spot. There is a Convention like this in Iceland, which works very well indeed.

'TAFFRAIL'

## An Established Church Stalwart

NORMAN MACLEOD was schooled in Campbeltown, Morven and Campsie—parishes in which his father had lived or ministered. At Glasgow University, oddly enough, the only honours he won were in logic. He finished in Edinburgh as a student of Dr. Chalmers. For three years, as a travelling tutor, he sampled the world with gusto. Licensed to preach in 1837, in the following year he was ordained minister of the Ayrshire parish of Loudoun. Popular, eloquent and beloved, his fame spread far and near. Within six months he could write home: 'The church is crowded to suffocation—stairs and passages; and I never use a scrap of

paper. I have an odd congregation of rich and poor, lords, ladies and paupers; but all sinners'.

Yet clouds were already in view. His ministry began in those dark tempestuous years in which the destiny of the Church of Scotland was reshaped, and her greatest battle for liberty of conscience and unfettered autonomy was fought. Into the ten years' controversy, culminating in the Disruption of 1843, he was forced against his will. The crisis turned on the question of the legal obligation of a congregation to accept a minister imposed on it by a lay patron. The Church claimed, on behalf of a congregation so affected, the right of vetoing an obnoxious choice. The patrons—and the State—declined to concede that right. Macleod, ever dowered with a robust and practical commonsense, was one of 'the forty' who in vain supported Lord Aberdeen's proposed compromise, namely, that the presbyteries should have the right of veto. The heat engendered was extraordinary. 'There are some men', wrote Macleod in his diary, 'who, if left alone, are as cold as pokers; but, like pokers, if they are once thrust into the fire, they become red hot. . . . Such are some ministers I know, when they get into Church controversies'.

The blow fell in 1843. Hundreds of ministers 'went out', profoundly convinced that they could do no other; and the cream of the laity, including most of the wealthy, went with them. Others—Macleod was one—had the not lesser courage—for it meant to many of them public and even domestic ostracism—to 'stay in'. Scores of parishes were rendered vacant; Macleod was called to Dalkeith. He was no optimist regarding the affairs of the Church. To members of his family he wrote frankly as to the faults and foibles of the depleted Establishment. 'But', he added, 'the Free Church is as crammed with error as we are'. Of the Highlands he wrote: 'The Establishment cannot save that poor country, for the mass of the clergy are water-buckets. The Free Church cannot save it, for they are firebrands'. Trust not in the aristocracy, he said, nor in Governments, nor in numbers. Rather wake up to a renewal of the inner spiritual life of the nation. His own and the Church's salvation he meanwhile sought in the promotion of Foreign Missions.

REV. DR. A. FLEMING

## This Gambling Craze

DO YOU KNOW WHAT to my mind is the saddest and most pathetic place on earth? Give a guess. A graveyard? No. A prison? No. A home for incurables? No. A west-end night club? No, but you're getting warm. A continental Casino? You've got it.

It isn't so much the voice of the gentleman who presides at the wheel that makes you wish you were dead. It isn't so much the faces of the gentlemen with the rakes that make you wish you'd never been born. It's the people sitting at the tables. Perhaps they're not really unhappy. Perhaps they only look it. But has anybody any right to look like that, and to keep on looking like that? Ought there not to be a law?

I've pondered this for years. And I've come finally to the conclusion that they come to look like that because of the complete futility of what they're doing. Nothing's so devastating as doing a futile thing. Set a man digging a hole and filling it up again time after time after time and he'll go melancholy mad. The same happens in the Casino. They're all playing a game they can never get the least bit better at. If you play darts for money you may lose your money but you'll improve your darts. If you back horses you may lose your money but you'll at least learn the names of a lot of horses. It isn't much, but it's something—to prevent you going crazy. But a man can go on playing roulette or boule for twenty years (if his income or fortune will stand it) and at the end he won't be one scrap better a player than he was at the beginning. After twenty years he'll be no nearer telling what number's going to come up next time than the yokel who's just pushed open the swing doors for the first time in his life. He's just as big a mutt at the end of twenty years (just as big, no bigger, no less) as he was on the day when he put his first franc down on the green baize.

Most gambling systems are built on the theory that if you toss a penny enough times the heads and tails will come out equal in the long run. That may be, but the trouble is that the laws of chance only work out in eternity, and nobody's gambling capital will last so long. Eternity's a long time. Of course there are other systems based on sequences and coincidences, but they're no better. There's only one thing you can be absolutely sure about at a Casino; and that is that the bank will get its rake-off and if you go on long enough you'll have nothing left.





Sir Giles Gilbert Scott's design for the new Waterloo Bridge, which the Highways Committee of the L.C.C. will recommend to the Council.  
Below: the first arch of the bridge from the north embankment

On the race-course even more than in the Casino, I'm tantalised by the fascinating spectacle of people earnestly engaged in something that's certain in the short or long run to relieve them of their money. It seems to me, as one who has been denied the gambling gift, to be such a waste of time and effort as well as of money that I'm sure there must be something in it, or behind it.

You'll tell me there's no mystery about it; they're one and all hoping that if they go on long enough losing a bit here and a bit there they'll one day win a nice packet of money, not perhaps as much as they've lost, but enough to have a good time for a while. Yes, I see that. You'll tell me that the excitement and suspense is worth while, whether you win or lose: that it takes your mind off life generally. Yes, I see that too. It doesn't say much for life; but I see the point. But now are you quite sure, really quite, quite sure, that all these people really want to win? I'm doubtful. It seems to me they must find some mysterious pleasure in losing money. I've heard men say in the train, 'I had a bad day yesterday; backed five losers', and say it in a tone of such luxurious melancholy that I'm sure that's what they really wanted. Am I right?

Whether or not, this passion for gambling plays a very important part in our economic and social life. If you want to know one of the causes of unemployment, you might do worse than look at the thing I'm dealing with now. Gambling. Oh I don't mean now Casinos or dogs or horses or those machines where you twiddle a knob and make a steel ball dash about over some pins in a board. I mean gambling in industrial stocks and shares. Here's St. John Ervine writing in one of the Sunday papers. He's telling of his visit to America in 1928. He says: 'Everybody, from bankers to shoeblacks, was gambling on the Stock Exchange. There were times', he says, 'when I thought I was surrounded by infant idiots; so fatuous the gambling, so stupid the expenditure, so certain the coming collapse . . .'. Then it came . . . 'The bread lines grew longer and longer, men who had esteemed themselves important citizens sold apples in the streets, and the song of the moment was "Brother, can you spare a dime?"'

That's America. We in this country haven't developed public gambling in industrial properties to anything like the extent that America has. That's one reason why we've been spared the worst depths of depression as America has known and is still feeling it. But we've not been free from the curse of industrial

gambling. I mean by industrial gambling buying shares without reference to their real value but in the belief that their price will go up and they can be sold again at a profit. Each to his taste. Let people who get satisfaction out of gambling gamble on horses, dogs, cats, monkeys or pin-machines, but let them keep off industry.

JOHN HILTON

## The New Waterloo Bridge

THE WELL-KEPT SECRET of the selected design for the new Waterloo Bridge is out at last. The Highways Committee of the London County Council met last Thursday, and after that meeting they made public their intention to recommend to the Council a design submitted by the Council's appointed engineers in collaboration with Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, the well-known architect. You will remember an earlier design of his was published two years ago.

The Committee has had plenty of other designs to consider, but evidently none of these has appealed to the Committee so much as Sir Giles Scott's—a bridge of five equal arches, instead of the nine arches of the old bridge, and ending, just as they did, at either end, on the high level of Wellington Street and Waterloo Road. And this is the striking feature of the new design. The first arch jumps clean through the trees that fringe the Embankment, and plants the foot of its first pier well out in the river. This opens up wonderfully the view right along the Embankment.

The roadway crosses the river in a level line—that is to say, there's no 'hump' in the bridge; the arches are spacious and beautifully severe; and those massive monumental pylons—which most of you will remember on Sir Giles Scott's old design—have completely disappeared from the new one. The bridge is, of course, much wider than the old Waterloo Bridge, but it looks lighter, because the river piers are pierced—that is, there are central openings between the ribs of the arches. If you can imagine it, you can see daylight right through the piers.

Now everybody is asking, will the new bridge be as beautiful as the old one, fitting in with its setting, as well as solving the traffic problem? Well, the old bridge fitted in beautifully with the old buildings near it, but now there are new buildings to be considered. And new Waterloo Bridge does in effect seem,



at least in this picture, to be on quite friendly terms not only with old Somerset House, but with the modern Shell-Mex House—'Big Benzine' as someone called it—as well as with Cleopatra's Needle, which no one will deny is somewhat older. There are the river-users to be thought of, and surely a five-arch bridge like this one should satisfy them.

As to cost, the new design is expected to save at least £100,000 as compared with the old plan. The bridge won't please everybody, but the man-in-the-street will, I think, welcome it as a not unworthy successor to the dear old bridge whose passing is so greatly lamented.

AN ENGINEER

## Commonsense in City Housing

Part of a Discussion between THE BISHOP OF BIRMINGHAM and G. M. BOUMPHREY

ONE of the principal series of Midland Regional talks, in which Mr. G. M. Bournemouth is to survey the problem of town and country planning in the Midlands, was introduced on Friday, October 12, by a discussion at the microphone between the Bishop of Birmingham (Dr. E. W. Barnes) and Mr. Bournemouth. The following extracts bring out the chief points.

THE BISHOP OF BIRMINGHAM: Speaking with the knowledge I have got, after being for ten years Bishop of Birmingham, I say that our congested industrial areas are literally soul-destroying. In such areas religion simply dies out. I am not surprised. If you or I had been brought up and still lived in a court behind Deritend, we should be physically stunted and emotionally starved. The ancestors of all of us a few generations back lived in touch with Nature. They found deep happiness and satisfaction in corn-fields and forests and gardens, showing the glory of summer, the beauty of spring and autumn. Winter in the country is invigoration; in Duddeston it's mainly dirty slush. From Nature came an understanding that was the source of religion.

We still need Nature if our lives are to be wholesome. City life is valuable because the city man can add the gifts of civilisation: education, organised religion, pictures, music, and so forth. But these gifts are of little use to the man deprived of touch with Nature. Town-planning was to create the new order. What has happened?

G. M. BOUMPHREY: Nothing to be very proud of, I know. And I think the best town-planners would agree with us. As a matter of fact, one of them said to me only the other day, 'It's little enough we've been able to do; most of the credit we can claim is for what we have been able to stop'. But what do you consider they ought to have done?

THE BISHOP: Well, Birmingham has probably done more proportionately for re-housing its people than any other city. But the town-planning we need is almost entirely lacking. Great housing areas have been developed; but in the wrong way. The town-planning of Birmingham ought to have embraced an area within some ten miles of its centre—say 300 square miles. At distances of from seven to nine miles from the centre, daughter-cities should have been built. Kingstanding, for instance, should have been such a daughter-city. In its centre would have been a public park and traffic depot. Round this wide and well-kept area would have been sites for the great secondary school, for the municipal administrative offices, for the local art gallery, the library, an Anglican church, a Methodist central hall, a Salvation Army citadel, a cinema or two—but the cinema proprietors and the brewers can, and do, look after themselves. Then the Kingstanding of my dreams would have had a soul, or, if you prefer, a civilisation centre. Though eight miles away from the Council House, it would have been easily accessible for its centre and the centre of Birmingham would have been connected by a great straight motor road without crossings, such as the Italians have built from Naples to Pompeii. My Kingstanding would have had factories as well as houses, for people had best live near their work. Also it would have had a population limit of 50,000. Further—and this is of supreme importance—the whole of the new Kingstanding would have been contained within, say, a mile-and-a-half of its civic centre. Outside this area building would be absolutely prohibited. The outside area itself would be agricultural—dairy farms, orchards, market-gardens, together with large areas open to the public where the cattle might graze, but where children could enjoy themselves in safety.

BOUMPHREY: The lay-out you have just described—satellite towns round a mother-city—is on the lines recommended by many of our best town-planners.

THE BISHOP: Then why has it not been done? It's as easy to build houses in one locality as in another. The further you go from the centres of our cities the cheaper land is. Why should Kingstanding have been built—a mere dormitory—just outside Perry Barr?

BOUMPHREY: That's the big question to answer. The cost of compensating all the owners of possible building land between the mother-city and the daughter-city, in the zone you speak of, is one of the troubles. But lack of vision is really at the bottom of it all—sheer laziness of mind. People won't look far enough ahead, and they are afraid to take any really bold step. As it is, we build imitation garden-cities round the very edge of our towns, and because the individual houses are better, we try to ignore the growing muddle in the towns themselves.

THE BISHOP: If you say that such development as I desire is impossible for the land cannot be acquired, I answer that the anti-social holding of the land in and around the great cities must end. The value of such land is largely made by the community. The community ought to be able to buy whatever land it desires at the price at which it was last scheduled for death duties. Land so acquired would be paid for by land-bonds issued by the city with Government guarantee. A revolutionary proposal, you say. I rejoin that the need is urgent and worsening.

BOUMPHREY: As a matter of fact, local authorities have been given very considerable powers, though they seem to find it difficult to use them. But I think the real trouble is that present town-planning legislation aims mainly at preventing the worst of the old abuses—overcrowding and so on—and stops there. It accepts our overgrown towns as inevitable and hopes to make them better by spreading them out thinly all round the edges—simply driving the real country further and further away.

THE BISHOP: Little more than a generation ago in Birmingham a mother could send her children out for a country walk on a Saturday afternoon. Today, motors have made every main road deadly dangerous. The country lanes and fields to which children can go are now miles away. Surely ribbon development and the sorry litter of houses now defacing the countryside must cease.

BOUMPHREY: That form of development is almost entirely the result of bad legislation. If a builder wants to put up a compact group of houses he is forced to pay for the service road connecting them to the main road; and he can save this money by straggling them along the main road, and save further on his drains and other services.

THE BISHOP: It is, in fact, a case of private profit *versus* the public good. Well, further comment is needless. But may I emphasise one other point. The congestion in Central Birmingham would be lessened if daughter-cities were created. As things are, that congestion gets worse. In the centre there ought to be the University and the great schools; students do well when they have little tiresome travelling. A generation ago, what there was of the University and also the two main King Edward's Schools were in the centre of the city. It looks as though ten years hence they will alike be two miles distant from the great railway stations. So the majority of the ablest boys and girls of the city will have four miles of additional travelling every day. Such is progress!

Messrs. Dent announce a series of competitions, 'planned to suit every height of brow', in connection with the Everyman Library. There are nine hundred volumes in these two-shilling editions, and merely by obtaining the printed list of them, together with the competition leaflet, from his bookseller, anyone is qualified to take part; £250 is offered in cash and book prizes, and the following give some idea of the scope of the competitions: Mr. and Mrs. Everyman are setting up house; make a list of twenty books from the Everyman Library to begin the stocking of their bookshelves; write a thumbnail story of not more than 250 words in the titles of books in Everyman's Library; what book from the Everyman Library would you recommend for the tired mother of six delicate children, for the curate who hopes to be Dean of St. Paul's, etc. There are quotations to identify, suggestions to be made for a quotation calendar, and, in addition, three competitions for children. Results will be announced in THE LISTENER of February 13, 1935.



*The Listener's Music*

# The Choral Fantasia and Some Reflections

THE inclusion in the same 'Prom' programme (October 6) of the Choral Fantasia and the Choral Symphony gave the audience an interesting and unusual opportunity of realising the distance that may lie between a composer's first crude conception of an idea and the splendour of the final form. But the juxtaposition of the two works (so widely different in quality, despite their close connection) did something else: it involved a waste of labour and time on some of the worst music Beethoven ever wrote. Scarcely a good word, surely, can be said for the long, sprawling and trivial instrumental section of the Fantasia, and the sole interest of the Choral Finale is its connection with that of the Ninth Symphony\*.

The Choral Fantasia deserves so little respect on its own merits that for the purposes of the 'Prom' performance it might well have been 'cut' with an axe, the choral portion only being heard, and that purely for its interest in showing how far Beethoven's invention and technique had developed between his thirty-eighth and fifty-third years. (Alternatively, the work may be regarded as an example of his wide variation of standard, even in maturity. One finds it hard to realise that when the Choral Fantasia was produced Beethoven had already written six of the symphonies, five pianoforte concertos, ten of the string quartets, about a half of the pianoforte sonatas, and 'Fidelio'.) The performance, in fact, did little more than give us an illuminating glance into Beethoven's workshop, and that purpose could have been achieved by the choral portion alone. The cutting of the remainder might have raised protests from a few purists, and from those who would instinctively frown on so bold an outrage on the conventions of the concert room; but it would, I think, be welcomed by most listeners as a new departure that might well be followed up. There are a considerable number of sketches, 'first thoughts', and other embryonic compositions available: could there be a more practical way of demonstrating one aspect of the mysterious working of the creative faculty than the performance of such sketches as preludes to the finished works? What programme note could say, even at great length, and with music type examples, half as much as a minute or two spent on the performance of the 'first thought' that later bore such splendid fruit? Here is an educational idea that, developed in moderation, might beguile even a Tired Business Man.

There is, however, still another question raised by the performance of the Choral Fantasia: it served as a reminder that a concert programme is not (as optimists might expect it to be) compounded of the best music, but rather of music by the best composers—which is often quite another matter. Whatever justification there may have been in the past for preferring a poor work by a first-rank composer to a good one by a composer of the second or third rank, there is no excuse today, when broadcasting has brought about an urgent need for an immensely increased repertory. A start has been made, but only an odd corner or two of the great field of unknown and neglected music has been explored.

Mr. Ernest Newman recently complained of the performance on Bach evenings of some concertos that did not exemplify the greater side of Bach shown in the Cantatas and Choral Preludes; but the concertos are at least lively, and therefore attractive to listeners who enjoy almost any music that gets on with its job quickly. Moreover, although they may not show us Bach the inspired poet, the concertos do at least give us Bach the unsurpassed and fluent craftsman, able to keep his end up with animation from first note to last. Their less profound movements are, in fact, analogous to the smaller symphonies and divertimenti which Haydn and Mozart turned out so often and so easily: such things were the 'light music' of their periods. But the feeble efforts of Beethoven and Wagner have no such attractive power: most are immature and lacking in the attractive qualities of pace and continuity.

I listened pretty regularly to the broadcast of the 'Proms', and enjoyed them; but, good as the programmes were, I felt at times that some of the stock pieces might well have been dropped

without adding appreciably to the labours of the orchestra. Their places could have been filled by some of the large number of works that have been brought forward at various concerts during the past few years, have been well received, and then unaccountably neglected. It happens that a good instance is to hand. In the *Sunday Referee* of October 7 Mr. Constant Lambert discusses the fate of Bartók's Orchestral Suite, Op. 3, which was written in 1903, and given its first London performance at a 'Prom' in 1920, 'when', says Mr. Lambert, 'it was received with the greatest enthusiasm by both the public and the Press, one of our most level-headed critics describing it as "an unassailable masterpiece"'. Now, modern works that manage to be 'unassailable masterpieces' and also popular successes are not plentiful, and one would have said that here was a safe item for future 'Proms' and symphony concerts. Yet the Suite had to wait *fourteen years* for its second performance in London, when it was included in a 'Prom' programme a few weeks ago (even then in the second half, so that it was not heard by the thousands of us who had been rather overdosed with familiar things during the season). There is ground for Mr. Lambert's gibe that many conductors are interested only in first performances and thousand-and-first performances. Certainly the fate of the Bartók Suite is not exceptional, though its companions in adversity may have been less successful at that first performance which proved also to be their last. Anyway, among them must surely be a few things that could hardly yield less entertainment than the Choral Fantasia (complete), Lohengrin's Farewell, The Procession to the Minster, the Overture to 'Die Feen', etc.

The other field—that of the second-grade composers—has already been tapped with success. We have discovered that the 'William Tell' Overture was not Rossini's only delightful essay of the kind; according to Sir Thomas Beecham there are about twenty, all worth hearing. There is plenty of little-known French music, mostly light, from the older men such as Gretry and Méhul, down to Chabrier and Bizet. Even our own country has a badly neglected tract that ought to be overhauled. The present flourishing state of British music owes so much to the group to which Parry and Stanford belonged that gratitude alone ought to ensure the occasional performance of as much of their music as possible. A reading of Mr. Fuller-Maitland's little book, *The Music of Parry and Stanford: an Essay in Comparative Criticism*†, just published, shows how many good things have been shelved mainly because they belong to a musical period that is at present out of fashion. It is too much to expect the ordinary commercial concert-giver to be independent of fashion; but the B.B.C. can afford to disregard such influences—and, indeed, does, in so many ways that one is occasionally surprised and disappointed at its limited outlook. And not only in regard to the second-class composers is this attitude shown. How much unfamiliar Handel has been broadcast since the agitation two years ago for a Handelian revival? Why are 'Prom' audiences still overfed with orchestral versions of the most hackneyed of Bach's organ music when there are still finer and hardly less attractive works that might be given as organ solos by the brilliant players whose gifts are at present half-wasted on concerted works in which the organ is merely an 'also ran'? (e.g. the Respighi version of the D major Prelude and Fugue was a travesty, with its protuberant piano duet. The audience that, after a Handel organ concerto, recently demanded an organ solo from Mr. Cunningham, and got a magnificent performance of the Toccata in F, really showed better perception and far better appreciation of Bach than the programme-makers.)

This question of the repertory is, of course, not being overlooked at Broadcasting House; but many musicians are wondering whether the problems brought about by the needs of broadcasting are fully realised. It must not be forgotten that even the word 'repertory' no longer means what it did when it referred to the supply of music for a mere few dozen concerts a year attended by an aggregate of about 20,000 people. Both concerts and hearers are now multiplied beyond computation, whereas the repertory stands too nearly at the old pre-wireless mark.

HARVEY GRACE

\*The pianoforte solo part was said by Cherny to be a good example of the composer's methods in extemporising variations: if so, Beethoven's gifts as an improviser have apparently been over-estimated.  
†Cambridge, Heffer, 3s. 6d.



# The Navy at Play

By Lt.-Commander R. WOODROOFFE

**I**N these days, about the only thing that isn't done by machinery in the Royal Navy is scrubbing decks. In the days of sail every man on board had his fill—and more very often—of strenuous exercise. So how to keep fit while cooped up in a ship today, is quite a problem.

As you can well imagine, there are no such things as swimming baths, well-equipped gymnasiums, or spacious deck tennis courts—all those things you see advertised in cruising liners—on a man-o'-war, and yet I think our sailors are fitter than those of any other Navy. This is largely due to their own efforts. They are ready for any kind of game anywhere. If you land on an icefloe or a parched desert island, a football will appear like magic and they start kicking it about. To the sailor there are no seasons. If football is the only game to be had when the temperature is a hundred in the shade, then he'll cheerfully play football.

Most of his exercise is got ashore, but every morning after Divisions—a sort of parade of the whole ship's company—whether you are on the coast of Labrador, or up the Persian Gulf, first there is physical drill for everyone, and then the band starts up—if there is one—and the ship's company doubles round, that is right round the ship, up and down ladders, round the quarterdeck, over the fo'c'sle, dodging guns and cables and coiled down ropes. The band gets quicker and quicker until an onlooker, from the helter-skelter, might think he was watching 800 lunatics. Suddenly a bugle sounds the 'halt' and every man freezes still. Then the 'fall in' and a hot and panting crew are told off for their day's work and drill, which for most will be miles below decks in stuffy, oily spaces surrounded by machinery.

To provide recreation, besides the ordinary games against the people ashore, various competitions are held in the Fleet throughout the year—athletics, football, boxing, sailing; but by far the most important is the annual rowing regatta. Practically everyone has to take some part in this as there is a race for every sort and kind—petty officers, marines, seamen, boys—anyone under 18—stokers, cooks, signalmen, bandsmen, down to veterans—usually four bald-headed and rather heavy gentlemen in a skiff—and a very popular race it generally is. I once saw a much feared and respected commander who was acting as cox'n in the veteran officers' race, disappear over the stern in his excitement. This he considerably did just abreast his own ship to the delirious delight of his crew. His boat won, but was unfortunately disqualified for carrying underweight.

The rivalry between the ships gets keener as the regatta draws nearer. For weeks the crews have been away practising, starting at five in the morning and going on until after dark—no practising, of course, is allowed in working hours. The chances of the various crews are discussed every minute of the day—during gun drill and in whispers during the hymns in

church—you hear snatches like this: 'so and so is a rotten bad stroke and ought to be chucked out of the seamen's cutter'; 'so and so is a good cox'n, won a lot of races up the Straits'; 'the bandsmen are well together and might spring a surprise'. Boats from other ships away practising are watched and



Canoe race where human arms are the only paddles: at the aquatic sports held at Scarborough during Fleet Week

clocked by eagle-eyed experts from the mast-head and the times compared. Secret trials are held in some secluded bay; trials in rough and smooth water; in different boats.

During all this preparation the boats themselves are taken in hand one by one. Their spotless enamel is burnt off; they are planed down; the thwarts and stretchers are adjusted. In every ship there is always one particular boat that is considered to be better than the others. She is known as the 'flash' boat.

She is given as much care and attention as a Derby favourite. A squad of volunteers scrape off her paint ever so carefully. She is planed and sandpapered. Every night she is covered with a tarpaulin and for a final touch an old sailor appears with a bottle of some weird concoction which he rubs lovingly into her timbers. He wouldn't give away the recipe for all the tea in China. I once got as far as learning that the mixture contained, amongst other things, the whites of some canteen eggs and the old chap's tot of rum, but as to the other ingredients, they are still a secret. This brew is intended to make the boat slip more easily through the water. And even if it doesn't, at any rate the crews who use the boat will race all the better for thinking that it does. This all sounds as if I was talking of those eggshells used in



Playing hockey on the deck of a warship



the Varsity boat race, but a ship's cutter which has a crew of twelve weighs two-and-a-half tons; so dope, however magical, could hardly have much effect.

Well, at last the great day arrives. The regatta takes two days—about 22 races—and the Fleet goes to some lonely, deserted, land-locked harbour to hold it. To Scapa Flow, or in the case of the Mediterranean Fleet to some Greek Island or on the East Indies station to Trincomalee—a bay in Ceylon whose shores are covered with dense jungle and mangrove swamps, where the temperature is terrific.

The ships anchor in two lines and form a lane for the boats to come down. At half-past nine to the minute the first race starts. Two miles away a lot of black dots seem to be creeping nearer; then, as their racing flags become visible, the cheering of the ships further down the line is picked up as the boats pass each ironclad grandstand. Every soul is hanging over the rail, or perched up on turrets and guns and fighting tops, bellowing encouragement. Then, as the boats pass the finishing line, there is a puff of smoke from the flagship and the roar of a gun. A hoist of coloured flags goes up, repeated by each ship giving the result and time, and picket boats fuss round the finish to pick up their exhausted racing boats and tow them home. Losers are greeted at the gangway with sympathetic applause, while winners are met by cheers and 'See the Conquering Hero' from the band. But the next race has started by now, and so it goes on.

There are points for each race and the ship with the most wins the 'cock'—a much coveted trophy. Sometimes the winning of the cock depends on the very last race. I remember once at Scapa Flow the Flagship had to get a first and second in the last race of all to beat her nearest rival. It was a whalers race for signal and wireless ratings. The four boats from the two ships were well clear of the others and came down the course almost in a straight line. At the finish the yelling died away and there was an expectant hush as the flags ran up, and as they shook out in the light breeze everyone saw that the Flagship had got it; and there wasn't a couple of feet between the four boats. It was the day Trigo won the Derby and I think there was as much excitement at Scapa Flow that day as there was on Epsom Downs. The winners were carried round their ship shoulder high and were heroes to their mess-mates for at least a week.

When the regatta has been lost and won, the successful ship serenades the rest of the Fleet that evening. Her drifter hoists a huge crowing cock (secretly made by hopeful carpenters some time before) and with the band playing lustily but uncomfortably in the bows, and crammed with hoarse enthusiasts, every ship is visited, and cheers and jibes exchanged. So that on such occasions, as the Aegean hills slowly darken from pink to purple in the setting sun, they echo the queer outlandish cries of a Northern race; it's the first regatta they have seen, I daresay, since the days of Ulysses.

But the regatta is soon forgotten, almost as soon as the shouting has died away. The boats are once more dreams of shining enamel and spotless woodwork—the apple of the Commander's eye—and the Marathon Team has started to practise. There is a trophy for a cross-country race in every Fleet, left by a distinguished officer who was killed at the Battle of Jutland. Each ship enters a team of thirty, so once a year as many as three hundred cross-country runners

plough round the muddy wastes of Northern Scotland, or cut their feet up and down the rocky hills of Crete, over paths that are normally only used by goats, or melt through three gruelling miles of steamy jungle in Ceylon. The name of the illustrious officer who initiated these trials has been cursed in almost every country in the world. I once had the misfortune to run in one of these contests at Port Said. The course took us out of the town through the Arab quarter and through a new experience in smells. The flies forsook their usual pursuits and accompanied us out into the desert and back. Delighted crowds of Egyptian youngsters on donkeys or on foot yelled at us in derision and spurred us on with quite untranslatable remarks. As we came down to the finish in that boiling sun, we felt like the Israelites after forty years of it, and thought longingly of cool waters on board. On the way back to the wharf after the race we were pestered by tactless hawkers of Turkish Delight—and I don't think I've ever touched the stuff since.

On board, in the evenings—and that means any time after four p.m.—the fo'c'sle is a busy place. One or two men will be stretched out fast asleep—watch-keepers making up for lost time; round them hop a boxer and his sparring partners, eagerly watched by a couple of self-appointed trainers, full of advice; others in leather jackets and visors are practising bayonet fighting or fencing, while others pad ceaselessly round at a slow jog-trot—runners keeping fit—dodging groups yarning or playing cards, or scrubbing clothes.

Twice a day in harbour, where possible, the hands are piped to bathe and there are games of water-polo. Nets are rigged alongside each ship and teams play home and away matches. I remember a team that fancied itself, scorning a boat, swam a quarter of a mile to their opponents, beat them in a hard game and swam back without a rest. But they suffered for their swank, as they had their leave stopped for swimming without a lifeboat in attendance—a very strict rule in the Navy.

When the Fleet is at sea in shark-free waters like the Mediterranean, at four in the evening a wisp of bunting will run up to the Flagship's masthead. 'Stop engines', it reads. As it is hauled down the ships slow up and ride sluggishly in the swell. Another hoist of flags goes up, 'Optional hands to bathe'. In a few seconds everyone not on duty is in a bathing costume at the ship's side. The lifeboat is lowered and lies off in case anyone gets into difficulties; then the signal in the Flagship comes down and there is a huge splash and shouts of joy as everyone takes the water. The water seems fresher and more invigorating out at sea. It is a queer feeling to lie floating in the swell with the nearest land two miles immediately underneath one. A boom is drooped, that is lowered so that its end is in the water and the bathers can run up this on board again. After a quarter of an hour or so, the warning signal goes up. As it comes down, the bugler sounds the 'Retire', the lifeboat is hoisted at the run by the dripping bathers who then hurry down to tea. In a minute or two the Fleet is on its way again and the bathe is a memory.

As for games like football or cricket, the sailor plays these wherever there is a flat piece of ground, but he doesn't seem to need playing fields to keep himself fit. He has the priceless gift of never being bored and can make amusement for himself whatever the surroundings. And it is largely due to this, I think, that the sailor is so efficient and so happy.



Officer instructing boat crews in boat drill. Three crews respectively shipping oars, setting sail and taking off



## Points from Letters

Owing to the pressure upon its space, THE LISTENER is able to publish only a selection from the correspondence which it receives. Correspondents are asked to write briefly and to the point, and are reminded that name and address must always be given, even where their publication is not desired. THE LISTENER, of course, undertakes no responsibility for the views expressed in these columns. Preference will be given to letters which do not employ a *nom-de-plume*

### American Poetry

In the course of this correspondence the name of Laura Riding has appeared several times. Mr. Roberts was right in not including Miss Riding in his 'Writers of America', for she is not to be understood in terms of American poetry. Perhaps Mr. Roberts realises this; but it is nevertheless curious—as Mr. Grigson in his own way feels—that she does not occur in Mr. Roberts' article as a poet who, though born in New York in 1901, is not to be thought of in the American context. American is a dialect which has proved expressive in prose writing of a local and, generally, a satirical character. When, however, it is adapted to poetic purposes, strange things happen. Miss Riding's poems are not among these strange things, as Mr. Aiken implies, since she writes not in American but in English. Any argument about the nature or ranking of her work must be conducted on the ground of poetic values, not of national or sexual 'psyches'. Women poets, whether American or English, have invariably identified themselves with the feminine emotions socially inculcated in them. Miss Riding is not a woman-poet in this tradition. She writes as a mind, not as a sentimental register of emotions. This does not mean that she is, in Mr. Grigson's gentlemanly phrase, 'a writer of intelligence and subtlety': it means that she is doing what most men poets have tried but failed to do—namely, to make poetry and thought identical. As for Christina Rossetti, Mr. Grigson's favourite, she early collapsed as a poet and did what many ordinary nice women do in messy artistic surroundings—she withdrew, protecting herself from profanation with a habit of pious melancholy. The poem Mr. Grigson singles out for praise is tuneful, but gets nowhere.

As for Emily Dickinson, she was a woman who brooded on the mystery of things in an excruciatingly private way and then tried fatalistically to score the ephemeral melodies of her fancy for the penny-trumpet of American lyricism. In so doing she sometimes showed as eloquent a disregard for the proper use of English as any American Senator. Let me quote from 'The mushroom is the elf of plants':

'Tis vegetation's juggler,  
The germ of alibi;  
Doth like a bubble antedate,  
And like a bubble hie.

I feel as if the grass were pleased  
To have it intermit;  
The surreptitious scion  
Of summer's circumspect.

Had nature any outcast face,  
Could she a son condemn,  
Had nature an Iscariot,  
That mushroom,—it is him.

Majorca

ROBERT GRAVES

### Schubert's Symphony in E

I notice you mention in your article 'B.B.C. Symphony Concerts', in THE LISTENER of October 3, 'Schubert's so far unheard Symphony in E', the plan of which has been carried out by Felix Weingartner. Perhaps you would be interested to know that it was carried out thirty or forty years ago by John Francis Barnett, and performed at one of the Crystal Palace concerts. The score and parts are still in the Crystal Palace library. So the Symphony is wrongly described as a first performance in the B.B.C.'s list of Symphony Concerts this season.

Hampstead

JOHN FRANCIS

### Handel Relics Wanted

The City of Halle (Central Germany) is preparing to celebrate in 1935 the 250th anniversary of the birth of her great son, the composer G. F. Handel. As we Germans realise that it was England where this son of Halle found his second home, we are collecting material concerning Handel's life in England. We should greatly appreciate if the English public would kindly help us to discover Handel relics and facts of his life which are so far little known both in England and Germany. Would readers who possess portraits, letters, MSS. of Handel,

or who can give any interesting information on his life in England, kindly communicate with Dr. Liebenam, Deutsch-Englischer Kulturaustausch (Anglo-German Cultural Exchange), Halle/Saale, Universitätsplatz 6, Germany.

Halle

L. LIEBENAM

### Pictures of Russia

We have noticed the letter from Mr. John Lewis which was published in THE LISTENER of October 3, regarding photographs depicting the situation in Soviet Russia. We have in our possession photographs of dead persons lying in the streets at Kharkiv who are reported to have died of hunger. We have also photographs of bread-queues and of graveyards for the victims of the famine. These incidents would certainly be almost unbelievable from the angle of the civilisation to which we are accustomed in London, but we have received these photographs from two different sources.

Ukrainian Bureau, S.W. I

LOUISE GIBSON

### Nutritive Value of Polished Rice

What Dr. Leslie J. Harris says about a certain kind of rice, in his talk on 'Malnutrition' in THE LISTENER of October 3, is perfectly true. About thirty years ago I was Supply Officer to an Expeditionary Column. The supply of what was locally known as 'clean country rice' ran out, and I was forced to supply the Column with imported polished rice. The O.C. Column sent a special messenger to me to cease the supply of polished rice (the stuff we buy in the shops here) and get, somehow, the rice grown in the country and cleaned by hand. He said that the troops could not make long marches, and were difficult to keep alert on outpost duty, both being due to lack of nutrition of polished rice. Fortunately, the locally-grown and cleaned rice began to come in, and I was able to supply what was wanted. The people won't touch polished rice where they can obtain their own product. They know from experience that it is absolutely useless so far as nutrition is concerned. I once sent a hundredweight of Sierra Leone rice, among the best in the world, to friends in England. They fed the chickens with it, as it 'did not look clean'. They did not know that the skin next to the grain left on it by hand-cleaning contains the nutritive value indispensable to rice if it is to be used as a food and not as a 'tasty dish'. We also found that when beri-beri occurred the men had been fed on the polished rice of the white man. As soon as local rice was supplied, the disease was got under control and vanished. Is it impossible for the business men of this country to make available to us nourishing rice of the kind I have described, instead of the 'pretty' kind? It ought not to cost as much and will be far more useful.

Deal

W. ADDISON

### 'Rout of San Romano'

Miss Mary Barne's letter in your issue of October 10 shows me that I took too much for granted in my readers. Evidently I ought to have said 'apparently unorganised Nature' instead of leaving 'apparently' to be understood from the context. The point of my article was that I 'like' works of art in proportion as they assure me of the order behind the apparent disorder of Nature; in proportion, that is to say, as they emphasise reality rather than realism—which reproduces the apparent disorder. Personally I do not feel that the craving for reality is 'romantic', but I am prepared to believe that it may be so.

Chelsea

CHARLES MARRIOTT

### On Being Born Intelligent

In THE LISTENER of October 3 Lord Raglan says: 'Intelligence in children is the result of quick sight and quick hearing. Every child born with good eyes and good ears is born intelligent. . . .' (the italics are mine).

Might I venture to ask: (i) Is not this statement dangerously dogmatic for a scientist? Lord Raglan implies in the early part of this article that anthropologists are scientists. (ii) What Lord



Raglan means by 'intelligence'? He rightly reminds us, also in the beginning of the article, that it is very important to be quite clear as to what we mean by the words we use. It is interesting to note that the *Encyclopædia Britannica* article on Intelligence gives us four tentative definitions. (iii) If Lord Raglan would be so good as to tell me of any psychologists who would agree with his statement?

Bromley

CYRIL H. GEORGE

### Labour Camps in Germany

The experiences related by Mr. Carpenter in his talk 'A National Socialist Labour Camp' are very different from my own in an Arbeitslager in Kiel during April, 1933. Throughout Germany before and until May 1, after the election of Hitler, work-camps were entirely voluntary, and were run either by the churches or by large voluntary organisations supported by private subscription. My time was spent with the *Bund für Volkslager in Schleswig-Holstein* in one of their camps at Holtenau, Kiel. This camp was full of skilled and unskilled labour, peasants, students and graduates. Our hours of work were less severe than Mr. Carpenter's. We worked for six hours in the morning, and spent the remainder of the day playing games and the evenings in discussion. The food, with a monotonous tendency towards pork, was good and plentiful. An excellent spirit pervaded the camp and a very minimum of discipline was exercised. Most of the men were Socialists or Communists with very little chance of gaining employment, but their vitality and health were unimpaired, and the dejection and pessimism that are the constant companions of unemployment were seldom seen.

The work that the camp had undertaken was urgent and important. A large portion of the coast was being undermined by springs and was slipping rapidly, threatening schools and houses near by. The Kiel municipality could not finance the undertaking in a normal manner and had welcomed the co-operation of the *Bund für Volkslager*, to whom they supplied all the necessary tools, trucks, and a certain amount of supervision.

Before I left the camp, I heard sad news from the man who had created this *Bund*. His organisation was to be taken over by the Nazis on May 1 (together with all other work-camp movements) and the services which he had given voluntarily were to cease from that date. He was a Socialist. Then came the change for the worse, and the conditions, as Mr. Carpenter has shown, are very different from those of the pioneer movement that I had the pleasure to experience.

London, W.C.1

R. L. EASTWOOD

### Wages and Prices

In reply to a question by Mrs. Penn, Mr. Hutton asked another (in their discussion reported in *THE LISTENER* last week): 'What would be the use of high wages if high prices followed?' Although it may be true that in the average prices and wages tend to follow the same ratio, it by no means follows that anyone is worse off with high wages and high prices. As one whose salary has been governed by prices on a sliding scale since 1920, I can honestly say that my experience is that a higher salary with high prices was better than low prices with a correspondingly low salary. It may be difficult to explain but appears to me that with more money to 'play with' a much greater variety could be obtained—one had more scope. For instance a week's newspapers could be obtained for the sacrifice of one breakfast egg while now it would take several. At the peak of prices and salary, rent took 15 per cent. of salary—now it takes 26 per cent.

Ipswich

GEOFFREY CARYLL

### Cost of the Mentally Unfit

There is another side to this question. Mr. F. J. Booth objects to the annual expenditure of £10,000,000 on the mentally defective, but the scandal is that a large proportion of those so classified have no right to be detained in mental institutions. The admission by the Lunacy Board that 2,400 persons were needlessly certified last year is damning evidence of the urgent need for radical reform of the lunacy laws. It is exasperating to be told that no one is responsible for such a deplorable state of things. As a matter of fact, this Society, in a deputation to the Minister of Health at the time, pointed out that the Mental Treatment Act was not likely to succeed for the simple reason that it sought to remove the stigma associated with lunacy, whilst insisting that the sufferer from early mental trouble should come under lunacy control! It is a blessing in disguise

that the Mental Treatment Act should already have failed to do what was expected of it, for the authorities will now be compelled to introduce an entirely new lunacy code, as was, in fact, recommended by the Royal Commission which reported in 1926.

The system at present in vogue tends to 'manufacture' lunacy rather than cure it, and obviously the commonsense method by which to cope with the problem would be to cut off the supply, by arranging for the early treatment of cases apart from lunacy administration and control. The question calls for a complete change of front. It is disgraceful that the recovery rate of mental illness should have remained stationary for the last 30 or 40 years. In a nutshell, the public has little confidence in the asylum system, and where there is no confidence, there can be no cure.

London, W.C.1

FRANCIS J. WHITE

Secretary, National Society for Lunacy Reform

### A Hampstead Group Experiment

Your readers may be interested to hear of a group run on somewhat unorthodox lines, in which the primary aim is not so much formal discussion as a modest attempt to revive the almost lost art of 'good talk' with the maximum of freedom for the expression of every point of view. There is no leader, which means that every member is equally responsible for the quality and breadth of the discussion, and the only rule (a fundamental one) is that any subject whatever may be introduced and explored irrespective of its political, social, or religious implications. Good manners preclude monopoly or wordiness, a monosyllable often conveying more than a speech, and good talk implies good listening, as obverse and reverse, not as separate functions. Though the point of departure may be Freedom and Authority, Poverty in Plenty, or any other topic, relevance is not a fetish, and good talk excludes nothing save prejudice, convention, the crank and the inane.

If any local readers, men or women, feel this is to their taste, perhaps they will let me hear from them. The company must be small, but with busy people the attendance may vary. In any case, readers elsewhere may feel disposed to experiment along similar lines. Really good talk, as we all know, may be one of the richest things in life, but it is rare and difficult of achievement. Still, one can try!

24 Elsworthy Road, N.W.3

W. E. SIMNETT

### On Broadcast Talks

I was interested, but not convinced, by the Talks Director's talk on Talks. We are to have, he told us, talks from 'left' and 'right'. This means: Left—Socialism; and *elected* bosses for Vast Machineries (jobs for the 'left'). Right—Public Utility Corporations; and *nominated* (by whom?) bosses for Vast Machineries (jobs for the 'right'). If the Director thinks this is an 'open platform' I disagree. Is he aware of a view that is neither 'left' nor 'right'?

Bucklebury

DISTRIBUTIST

## Why War?

(Continued from page 630)

Here is a lie which should be nailed to the counter. We know now how it works out in practice.

The method of Christ was to begin with the individual and to work outwards, and this must still be the method of the Churches. 'Sirs, ye are brethren; why do ye wrong one to another?' 'The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace'. 'Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God'. Real Christians will probably always be in a minority; there is nothing in the New Testament to lead us to expect an inconvenient crowd at the narrow gate. But they may have a great influence, and they will have all men of goodwill, yes, and all men of commonsense, on their side. The human heart, like ice, melts at a certain temperature. Most people wish to behave decently, and know that sympathy and charity are much pleasanter than hatred and jealousy. We can all do something to help, and if we are Christians we shall remember that 'the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much'.



## Books and Authors

## Popular and Party Heroes

Robert Bruce: King of Scots. By Agnes Mure Mackenzie. MacLehose. 12s. 6d.

William Cecil: The Power Behind Elizabeth. By Alan Gordon Smith. Kegan Paul. 10s. 6d.

Oliver Cromwell. By John Buchan. Hodder and Stoughton. 21s.

Cromwell. By Hilaire Belloc. Cassell. 12s. 6d.

Reviewed by G. K. CHESTERTON

JUST after I had finished my last address a most extraordinary thing happened. I went home and read another book, which proved that I was quite right: a historical study which stated almost exactly what I had stated, sometimes in the same words, on the subject of the Hero. My thesis about the Hero was broadly this. There are three stages in the heroic story. The first I call Popular History; and it is wrong in almost every respect, except that it is right. The second I call Prigs' History; which is right on one particular point, and wrong on everything else. The third I call Proper History; which restores what was right in the popular tradition, while correcting all that was accidentally wrong in the popular legends.

The book I found, which is much better than the books I mentioned, is *Robert Bruce: King of Scots*, by Agnes Mure Mackenzie. The author says about the Scottish hero Bruce exactly what I said about the Spanish hero Roderigo: 'In short, I found the old folk-tradition was right, and the old popular hero was a hero'. Now I want you to remember clearly those three stages. In this case, there is first the Bruce of popular Scottish history. Of course, he is much too Scotch. Most Scots probably think of him as talking Scotch; possibly as drinking Scotch; worshipping God and Golf—or, as some unkindly say, Golf and God—in the Scotch manner; some even pictured him in full Highland costume, with a kilt and claymore. (By the way, I shall boldly say 'Scotch' because I am talking English: I never heard of Butterscotchish, or a Scots-and-soda.) Anyhow, there was some truth in connecting Bruce with that Scotchman; because he made that Scotchman. Bruce might have looked forward to that Scotchman almost with alarm, but that Scotchman must look back to Bruce with gratitude. Bruce made a nation; and if that is not being a national Hero, what is?

Then comes the period of the Prigs' History. The prig, hating national heroes and everything heroic or even human, said this: 'Bruce was only a Norman-French noble who seized the crown of Scotland, with which he had nothing to do; he murdered Comyn to get it, and there was nothing heroic about him'. Now that is much more of a lie than representing Bruce as the wooden Highlander outside a tobacconist's shop. It is more wooden. For if you simply say to most modern people that he was a French nobleman who came to Scotland, you suggest something like a modern French gentleman who comes to modern Scotland. A Frenchman like Foch or Clemenceau, coming to Scotland, would be a foreigner in Scotland. Bruce was not a foreigner in Scotland. He was a French-speaking gentleman in Scotland; but so were all the other gentlemen in Scotland. Bruce was quite as much of a Scotchman as Edward the First was an Englishman. They were both members of a chivalric aristocracy, which talked French from Scotland to Constantinople. Nobody would have thought him un-Scottish because he talked French: it was exactly what all Scots would have expected their kings and nobles to do.

But his heroic quality is clearly proved by Miss Mackenzie in two determining facts. First, he did *not* snatch the crown of Scotland; he submitted when Balliol was lawfully appointed King of Scotland. He only put in his own claim when it was clear that there would be no King of Scotland, except the King of England. Second, he fought for a national Scotland; and fought for it with heroic patience, failure after failure, ruin after ruin, through incredible disappointments to an incredible triumph. It is an excellent example. Popular legend sticks to the point, if it does not stick to the facts. There is no truer history about Bruce than the old story of the spider.

Bruce was one of the last of the real heroes; for to be a hero, in that sense, one must be the representative of some race or religion, the chosen champion of a whole people. Now I want to point out today that this popular hero disappears in later history, and a new type takes his place. Very shortly, he is not the popular hero but the party hero. He is the man admired by half the people and hated by the other half; but with this hugely important addition—that he goes on for ever being hated as well as admired. Doubtless, contemporaries of the Spanish or Scottish hero hated him; but all Spain or all Scotland came to love him. But the party leader goes on being a party leader, the centre of a permanent party quarrel. Of these half-heroes, worshipped by half-nations, there are two typical cases in the

books before me—Cecil, the famous Minister of Elizabeth, and Oliver Cromwell.

*William Cecil: The Power Behind Elizabeth*, by Alan Gordon Smith, is a brilliant and spirited book, but avowedly a controversial book; because Cecil is just now the centre of a violent controversy. It is a paradoxical controversy; because those who are against Cecil admire and magnify him, while those who are on Cecil's side minimise and dismiss him. For the question is this: was Elizabeth or Cecil the real power—was England changed by an Elizabethan enthusiasm or a mere Cecilian policy? Doubtless everybody, including Cecil, gave Gloriana the glory; but did she perhaps have nothing but the glory? It is a point, I think, not easy to prove dogmatically. Who knows when a man is really bossed by his typist? Not the man; possibly not the typist. Mr. Alan Gordon Smith makes a strong case for everything turning on the genius of Cecil. His book should certainly be read, but it would be only fair to read some book on the other side as well, like Professor Neale's *Elizabeth*. Nobody thinks Elizabeth was a nobody. But though Elizabeth had a mind of her own, it was a divided mind: a Renaissance love of fun, a Tudor love of power, a feminine turn for flirtation, a royal hatred of revolutions, an intense hatred of Puritans. But Cecil's was a great and single mind; he had two aims which were one: to make England Protestant, and to keep his money.

Two distinguished men of letters have just written books on Cromwell—Mr. John Buchan and Mr. Hilaire Belloc. They agree more than many might expect; but both are concerned with the case for and against Cromwell. That is what I mean by the new Party Hero, as distinct from the old Popular Hero. Nobody talked about the case for King Arthur, or even the case for King Alfred. But hero-worship is involved here in another rather curious way. Mr. Belloc's book may be rather a surprise to those reading it; and I suspect some are reviewing it without reading it. Everybody knows that his creed is not Cromwell's; but he uses the difference rather as a defence of Cromwell than an attack on him. Mr. Buchan is even more indignant than Mr. Belloc about Cromwell's cruelties in Ireland. Mr. Belloc dislikes most, I think, the mere turgid Scriptural style of the Puritans, but only shows it here and there with a polished irony. 'Cromwell inspired them by telling them that they were called to make war in alliance with The Lamb . . . he pointed out that God shook mountains and had a high hill, which was the Hill of Bashan'. The Voltairean satire of that phrase 'pointed out' is almost the only touch of malice in the book. But the main point is this. He makes Cromwell, if anything, more human, but certainly less heroic. For instance, he acquits him even of ambition; but substitutes mere caution; a healthy human fear that Charles might be restored and Cromwell might be hanged. So he almost apologises for the Irish massacres, but only on the ground that Cromwell was so blind a bigot that on the subject of Papists he was hardly sane. But his main thesis is very simple: Cromwell was a very good soldier who became a very bad statesman. Cromwell becoming Protector reads like Wellington becoming Prime Minister. Mr. Belloc almost passionately praises Cromwell as a cavalry officer. But a dragon can only dragon; he dragons men because he cannot govern them. But Mr. Belloc puts it in the friendliest form. 'Can the good man govern others?' Or again, 'Does the good man want to govern others? Not that Cromwell was especially good', he adds; but it was the good and not the bad man that made him fail as a Dictator.

Now there is just this fine shade of difference in Mr. Buchan's book: that he wants to keep Cromwell a hero. He is not Puritan; he is romantic. Most vivid Scots have been anti-Puritan: Stevenson as much as Scott, Buchan as much as Burns. But though Buchan hardly differs from Belloc in anything definite, the one is talking of a hero and the other of a human being. And this raises an interesting question, which I will leave with you. Because all Spain became Christian, because all Scots became patriotic, the Cid and the Bruce became universal heroes. With Elizabeth and Cromwell it was different. All England never accepted Puritanism or the Imperialism of the Elizabethan adventurers. Will Elizabeth and Cromwell remain as national legends, or will they go on being merely party questions? I have not the ghost of an idea.



## The Listener's Book Chronicle

### Treatise on Right and Wrong. By H. L. Mencken

Kegan Paul. 10s. 6d.

IN HIS PREFACE to this book Mr. Mencken says that he will not define right and wrong, and quotes Matthew Arnold's statement that conduct is the simplest thing in the world as far as understanding is concerned, though the hardest thing in the world as far as doing is concerned. Later in this preface Mr. Mencken says that ethical dilemmas of novel and embarrassing character throng upon man at every step in his weary road and that he will probably never reach the end of his agony. This kind of muddle-headedness is inevitable in someone who has the 'great dislike for metaphysics' to which Mr. Mencken confesses. It is impossible for a man to clarify his mind about his relations to other men until he has clarified his mind about his relation to the universe. Conduct necessarily varies according to whether a man believes his acts terminate in this life or continue to produce their effects in another existence or series of existences.

Mr. Mencken's attempts to ignore the universe and concentrate his attention on what he would like to consider a self-contained planet are embarrassed by his awareness of what he calls 'primary emotions'. These, he says rather irritably, are 'still at the bottom of all our thinking, and we can never hope to get rid of them altogether. They are heritages from the ancient sea-ooze, in which the lowly amoeba, coming into contact with something that pleased him, embraced it, and coming into contact with something that hurt him, drew away'. How these primary emotions got into the ancient sea-ooze he does not explain, nor is he even consistent in his dislike of them, approving in the contemporary American the obedience to instinct which he treats with a certain disdain in the amoeba. Sexual desire, he says, is conditioned by 'aesthetic impulses that are so profound as to be next door to instinctive'; and he continues, in a style which might perhaps have jarred on his master Matthew Arnold, 'A young woman of conspicuously aphrodisiacal face and frame runs some risk of being stormed anywhere . . . but an elderly W.C.T.U. worker or other such frump might tramp the Black Belt from end to end without suffering any more molestation than a female alligator'. As this quotation suggests, Mr. Mencken is better suited to light and facetious social criticism than to the task of summarising the contributions to ethical theory of the great thinkers and religious teachers of mankind. Genius of any kind annoys him, as an indirect reflection on himself. It is a mistake, he says, to imagine that the prophets of the Old Testament differed very widely from a modern bishop or Y.M.C.A. magnate. 'They moved in the best contemporary society, and on the whole shared its point of view'. Poetry is as distasteful to him as prophecy. 'As genuine culture comes in, poets give way to artists of a greater subtlety'; and among the artists thus cleared off the scene Mr. Mencken instances Goethe and Shakespeare. On the last page of this book we read: 'There is, in fact, such a thing as progress'. Mr. Mencken's readers may wonder in which direction.

### The Revolutionary Emperor—Joseph the Second

By S. K. Padover. Cape. 12s. 6d.

Revolutionists, according to Talleyrand, are 'builders of theories for an imaginary world'. At least they are apt to ignore the obstacles and pitfalls of the real world and to think, like Robespierre, that, in order to produce an ideal social order, all that it is necessary to do is 'to put into the laws the moral truths culled from the works of the philosophers'. This was an idea wide-spread in the eighteenth century, an age which plumed itself on its enlightenment and fervently believed in the omnipotence of reason. It inspired the 'enlightened despots' of the age, disciples of Voltaire and the Encyclopædists, and not least so Joseph II, to whose style of 'great and pacific Emperor of the Romans, ever August' Dr. Padover, not without just cause, adds that of 'revolutionary'.

The ideals of Joseph, like those of Robespierre, were often sound enough, and many of his revolutionary schemes—such as popular education, equality before the law, and the humanising of the criminal code—have since been adopted in all civilised countries. His vision was a lofty one. He saw himself the ruler of a State firmly based on 'good laws, and a just execution of them, well ordered finances, a respect-inspiring army, and a flourishing industry', and he worked himself to death in the

effort to realise this ideal. His fundamental errors were that he overrated his own autocratic power and underrated the obstacles which had to be overcome. How formidable these obstacles were, we of the twentieth century are perhaps in a better position to appreciate than he. His dominions were scattered from the shores of the North Sea to those of the Adriatic, and embraced a motley variety of races—Belgians, Germans, Magyars, Slavs—a medley of conflicting national and local traditions, and social classes which varied from the highly privileged territorial magnates down to the serfs who cultivated the soil; and out of this chaos Joseph thought to create a well-ordered State by the mere fiat of his Imperial will. 'All jealousies and antagonisms between province and province, between nation and nation, must cease', he decreed, 'the distinctions between nations and religions must disappear, and all citizens must consider each other as brothers'. In these days of exaggerated nationalism it is easy to understand why the revolutionary Emperor's life was a tragic failure.

It is a life worth studying at a time when the almost universal break-down of parliamentary democracy is leading the nations once more to commit their fortunes to the hands of more or less benevolent despots, and Dr. Padover has done a very useful service in presenting this life to the public in a form which is at once scholarly and very readable. He has done well, too, in laying some stress on Joseph's early youth and education, for this explains the exaggerations of his later activities. Thus a natural reaction against the 'black' piety which overshadowed the Court of Maria Theresa accounts for his hatred of the Jesuits and his Febronian attitude towards the Church of Rome. History as taught him by the egregious Bartenstein, too, though it inspired him with a life-long hatred of 'pedagogues', may have led him to follow the Habsburg tradition which interpreted the title 'Augustus' as meaning 'Augmenter of the Empire', and so to embark on more than one ill-judged and ill-fated adventure abroad. For pacificism had no place in Joseph's humanitarian philosophy.

### Thirty-six Years at the Admiralty

By Sir Charles Walker. Lincoln Williams. 6s.

Sir Charles Walker's book covers thirty-six years of service in the Secretary's Department of the Admiralty during an era of unprecedented change. Written in a discreetly anecdotal vein it deals only in personal reminiscences. Entering the Admiralty in 1895 he can remember the pleasant old garden on the north side of Horse Guards Parade in the spacious days of ample time. As private secretary to the Second Naval Lord, the member of the Board responsible for personnel, he learnt to know most of the generation who were to fight and win the Great War. He saw, too, the coming of Sir John Fisher and gives us a picture of that volcanic character turning over the pages of some voluminous report as rapidly as his fingers could move and then writing a minute on the cover—'a most amazing man at getting through work'. Lord Fisher came back on October 21, 1904, as Senior Naval Lord, a title which he altered at once to First Sea Lord, and set on foot a number of reforms, amongst them a new scheme of education which Sir Charles, becoming in 1909 Head of the Branch dealing with the personnel of officers, had to steer through its initial shallows. Sir John Fisher left the Admiralty early in 1910 as Baron Fisher of Kilverstone, to be succeeded by Admiral of the Fleet Sir Arthur Wilson, known to the Navy as 'Tug'. King Edward died in May and the Admiralty flag came slowly down to half mast in accordance with his command that it was only to be lowered on the death of a sovereign. Lord Fisher and Sir Arthur Wilson were both at one in their strong dislike of the word 'Staff', but the Agadir Crisis in 1911 established the necessity of something of the sort and Mr. Winston Churchill came to the Admiralty with the express task of instituting it—just in time. Sir Charles Walker at a naval review that year was on board the armoured cruiser *Good Hope*, fated to be lost with Rear-Admiral Cradock and all hands as the sun set over a stormy Pacific sea at Coronel on November 1, 1914. And indeed Sir Charles' presence on board a ship seems to have been somewhat ominous. In 1913 he went to sea for the first time in the armoured cruiser *Natal*, which was subsequently blown up in the Cromarty Firth on December 30, 1915, by an internal explosion. In July, 1914, too, at



the great review at Spithead on a glorious summer day he was on board the new battle-cruiser *Queen Mary*, which was blown up at Jutland, leaving only a handful of survivors behind.

Sir Charles passes modestly over the great work of mobilisation which went like clockwork and ended with the whole fleet at sea ready for war on August 4. In 1917, with Sir Oswyn Murray's appointment to the Secretaryship, he became Assistant Secretary and was responsible—among other duties—for supplying the Board with its annual ration of turtle soup prepared from the Admiralty turtles at Ascension: a ration sadly diminished by mortality among the turtles and the submarine campaign. The War came to an end and Sir Charles Walker became Accountant General with the arduous task of winding up the naval accounts of the War, succeeding in 1921 to the post of Deputy Secretary after twenty-five years of service in which he had seen the advent of wireless, aircraft and the submarine and the greatest war in history. The book will interest those who are interested in the Admiralty and the Navy.

### A Hope for Poetry. By Cecil Day Lewis. Blackwell. 6s.

Mr. Day Lewis is one of the three young men who in the last four years have been protagonists of a new poetry. In *A Hope for Poetry* he makes his own statement of their position. It is very refreshing, reasonable and free from jargon—a tonic for those who are beginning to read or write with an eye to a good ticket from Dr. Leavis. Anyone interested in serious poetry should read this book. Modern poetry has suffered from purists. Mr. Day Lewis has the good sense to reassert the poet's tentative status. In Chapter V he rightly refuses to be too confident of a 'poetic revival' and distinguishes between energy which is proper to poetry and the alien energy which improperly overflows it for a moment. Chapter VIII is very sound on the relations of poetry and Communism (a pressing question): e.g., 'The poet is a sensitive instrument, not a leader. Ideas are not material for the poetic mind until they have become common-places for the "practical" mind'. 'What is really undesirable is that the poet should have dealings with political ideas as a poet without first having feelings about them as a man: for direct contact between the poetic function and abstract ideas can give birth only to rhetoric'. It is unusual for a poet to be so aware of the dangers which beset his own school. This being so, his qualified appraisal of Auden and Spender is far more valuable than the cheers of the dumb optimist. Mr. Day Lewis is neither optimist nor pessimist but a serious student of his *métier*. He does not confuse the issues by discussing such interesting but irrelevant poets as Mr. Graves or Mr. Pound, but confines himself to the work of his own fellows and their 'immediate ancestors', Hopkins, Owen and Eliot—he is right to stress the influence of Owen, which critics too often ignore. 'The Waste Land' seems to him 'chiefly important as a social document'. He has a good word for Hugh MacDiarmid. He assesses fairly the importance to modern English poetry of the English Metaphysicals, the French Symbolists, the Freudian psychology and the new data of science. He writes intelligently (how rare this is) about technique (see especially Chapter X). Above all, he has both understood and enjoyed much of the work of his contemporaries. We may well be grateful for his shrewdness, sincerity and clarity.

### The Tragedy of Gandhi. By Glorney Bolton

Allen and Unwin. 10s. 6d.

During the last few years there has been such a flood of books written round the personality of Mr. Gandhi that a reviewer approaches with some scepticism a new volume of Gandhiana. Since M. Romain Rolland's study, written over ten years ago, Mr. Gandhi has been accepted as having 'news value', on both sides of the Atlantic. The mine has been only too well exploited by many whose knowledge of India has been small, and of their subject quite superficial. The reviewer once received the confidences of a slightly inebriated American correspondent, very recently arrived in India. He was describing his instructions, which ran somewhat as follows—'Mind, no propaganda. Just straight anti-British stuff, and a sob story once a week about that little fellow Gandhi for the Saturday edition'. Hence, the inevitable reaction, and one aspect of the 'Tragedy of Gandhi'.

It is, therefore, to the greater credit of Mr. Glorney Bolton that his book was eminently worth writing. His knowledge of India, and of Mr. Gandhi, is individual and intimate. His account of the Mahatma's early life, of his varied and extraordinary adventures in South Africa, is based largely on the three autobiographical volumes edited by Mr. Andrews, but

they give the story in a clear and consecutive form which will be welcome to many European readers. The greater part of the book, however, deals with events since the end of the War, and it is this which makes it specially valuable at this juncture. The author gives one of the few readable accounts of recent Anglo-Indian relations, and of the troubles which have overtaken the Indian nationalist movement since the Gandhi-Irwin pact. Mr. Gandhi's failure, when he came to England for the second Round Table Conference, is described with knowledge and fairness, but the author hardly ascribes enough importance to the Karachi Congress, and its consequences. Mr. Gandhi's contribution to the proceedings was certainly not 'meagre'. He managed the Congress in the same manner as the ordinary political party conference is managed by the 'platform'. Whenever he wanted a vote, he got it by an overwhelming majority.

The 'tragedy of Gandhi' began when he arranged that the Karachi Congress should make him the sole delegate in London. He took so much upon himself that nothing but a complete and impossible victory would justify him. As his comparative failure became apparent it was inevitable that there should be cabals against him, leading up to the fiasco of his return and imprisonment. His abandonment of politics, and work for the Depressed Classes is very well described, and should be read by everyone who wishes to understand what lies behind the 'Communal Award', and many other questions which will become of great importance when Parliament considers the Report of the Joint Select Committee. Perhaps one may be allowed to cavil at the title which Mr. Glorney Bolton has chosen. Only certain phases of Mr. Gandhi's life are tragic. As a politician he has made many errors, but when his work is completed he will always remain the little figure trotting up the steps of Viceregal Lodge, and, in doing so, bringing new hopes and a new status to all the 'little men' of India—the peasant, the coolie, and the pariah.

### Modern England: 1885-1932

By Sir J. A. R. Marriott. Methuen. 16s.

With unfaltering steps Sir John Marriott threads his way through England's crowded history of the past half-century. He is never in a hurry. He finds time to throw some particular episode into high relief—as for instance the Parnell case—when its dramatic interest warrants. He pauses to give shrewd, often caustic, judgments of the actors in the story. He has his own views and his own regrets at the developments this has undergone. Yet he keeps the objectivity of the historian, and deals faithfully with every national and imperial issue in a way that makes this last volume of the History of England edited by Sir Charles Oman an invaluable book of reference. Sir John Marriott, in writing this 'history of my own times', as the sub-title runs, has been able to draw on his own knowledge of men and things acquired at first hand. He often adds a personal note to incidents that are the result of the impact of impersonal forces. Thus in dealing with post-War Ireland he remarks that Sir Henry Wilson's murder on his doorstep in Ebury Street came home to him 'very closely and painfully':

But for the fact that I was not lunching at home that day I must myself have witnessed, perhaps been involved in that tragedy. I regularly walked past my colleague's residence on my way to the House of Commons at a particular time every day. That was the very moment at which Sir Henry Wilson was murdered.

Again, in writing of the industrial unrest in 1921, the author is the better able to recount the efforts made by the House of Commons to avert a general strike since he presided over the two meetings held between a group of M.P.s on the one hand and the coal-owners and the T.U.C. leaders on the other. After the second he went immediately to Mr. Lloyd George. The Premier was going to bed after a hard day, but he 'consented to see the intruder'. In consequence he invited the owners and miners to see him the next morning, and as Sir John Marriott somewhat sardonically remarks, the contemporary Press teemed with references to 'the renaissance of Parliament'.

Naturally Mr. Lloyd George comes often into the picture. We first see the 'young Welsh solicitor, sprung from the people, with no traditions and little education of a formal kind, but endowed with a magical gift of eloquence, ardent in temper, generous in sympathies and of indomitable courage'. In the reconstruction of the Ministry in 1908 the 'most important and least happy' ministerial change was Mr. Lloyd George's promotion to the Chancellorship. 'Current rumour affirmed', says Sir John Marriott, 'that the appointment was due not to Asquith's will but his weakness. If that be true he must often have repented in dust and ashes'. Yet he is conspicuously just



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to Mr. Lloyd George, relates the Marconi business with studied impartiality, emphasises his daemonic energy as War Minister, though adding that the Lloyd George Ministry was not conspicuously more successful in the conduct of the War than its predecessor. Then comes the Armistice, the 'Coupon Election', and the delay in assembling the Peace Conference. Had Mr. Lloyd George, instead of going to Paris announced on November 12 his resignation, and started forthwith on a tour of the Empire, 'his place in History would be side by side with that of William Pitt, Earl of Chatham. For one who occupied a pinnacle in the temple of world fame such as no statesman had ever attained before, such a renunciation was beyond human possibility. Not even Cincinnatus could have made it. But the jealous gods had their revenge'. The sequel in domestic politics makes depressing reading. Neither does Sir John Marriott view without uneasiness the centrifugal forces which have made themselves felt in imperial politics since the War. He fears the possible effects of the Statute of Westminster, and thinks that too much strain may have been put on the Crown, now the only legal link that binds the British Commonwealth together. 'Golden though it be, it is liable to snap'. But he believes that the Ottawa Conference of 1932 marked the beginning of a swing in the opposite direction. And what one can only describe as a brilliant survey of an epoch of complex and unparalleled turbulence ends on this note of chastened hope.

### Trade Unions and the State

By W. Milne-Bailey. Allen and Unwin. 12s. 6d.

The problem, or group of problems, to which Dr. Milne-Bailey addresses himself in this thoughtful book is not new, but it has assumed a new urgency in recent years. As he shows, the industrial history of the present century has been punctuated by a series of sharp conflicts which raise, in a peculiarly difficult sphere and form, the central political problem of the relationship of the state and voluntary groups. In some countries trade unions have been suppressed; in others their functions have been defined anew. In this country, as Dr. Milne-Bailey convincingly demonstrates, parliament has freed trade unions from restrictions imposed by the courts, but it has not created any positive system in which they can function constructively. At the recent conference of the Labour Party, a distinguished trade union leader bluntly (but not very accurately) declared that the trade unions created that party; such a statement at once throws into relief the need both for a reasoned appreciation of trade union functions and aims and for a resolving of the conflict between the state and voluntary bodies that co-exist with it. Dr. Milne-Bailey analyses the political theory of trade unionism against an adequate historical and descriptive background. He shows how the conflict between organised labour and the state has come about, and what the legal status of voluntary associations has been and is. He outlines the general pluralist political theory, and gives an informative account of vocational associations in Italy and Russia. He does not attempt an ideal solution of the problem of trade unions and the state, but tries to discover those tendencies of the present and the future under whose influence the existing conflict may be resolved. He searches, that is, for an agreed basis upon which trade unions can fit into and function constructively in the life of the community. His book is valuable. Temperate in statement, reliable in fact, academic in tone, it is admirably fitted to dissipate prejudice and guide thought into other than polemical channels.

### Sweden. By Agnes Rothery. Faber. 12s. 6d.

Enthusiasts are apt to be extravagant and ill-balanced, but the author of this book is a discriminating enthusiast. She makes one feel that her admirations are warranted and her enjoyment becomes infectious as she holds forth delightedly on all that the Swedes themselves feel proudest of in their country, from its beautiful old handicrafts to its magnificent new architecture, from the perfect cleanliness of its homes to the ecstasy of its crayfish suppers; two of her liveliest pages are devoted to this institution, the season for which begins always on August 1, when an eruption 'like a pink rash' breaks out 'on every table throughout the kingdom'. Whether Miss Rothery is epitomising Swedish history for us or depicting the strange contrasts in scenery presented by the extreme North and extreme South of the great half-peninsula, whether she is talking about industry or religion or science or the arts, she almost never fails to find something new and thoughtful to say. Dealing with the old university town of Lund, she mentions that its cathedral is

believed to have been built upon the very spot where in heathen times there grew a sacrificial grove, and she adds that the Swedish word for grove is *lund*; she proceeds to recall the fact—new to many of us—that Lund in Yorkshire and the city of London also rise from the sites of sacred groves. She concludes a most informing chapter on the Lapps with this reflection: '... It is strange that Christian people all over the globe who never think of Lapland should teach that the patron saint of all good children comes with his gifts piled in a reindeer sleigh. Strangest of all, that everywhere the nativity of the Holy Child ... born in the land of palms and olives, should be celebrated with a dark pine tree from the land of snow and ice'.

In the course of her 250 pages (illustrated with excellent photographs) Miss Rothery—who is an American and an author of some note in her own country—contrives to touch suggestively on more than a dozen of the most eminent Swedes of modern times, from Linnæus and Swedenborg down to Zorn and Strindberg, Ellen Key and Selma Lagerlöf, besides telling us much that we ought to know but have forgotten or never learnt regarding such great personages as St. Birgitta and Gustavus Vasa. To Queen Christina, by the way, she is surprisingly kind. Of Zorn she writes quite admirably: 'Both his personal and his artistic life were so overflowing', she says, 'with the love of sensuous forms and shifting lights and shadows that there was no space for spiritual probing. But so rich was that sensuality and so magnificent were the powers by which he dominated this earthly kingdom that we would be ungrateful indeed to complain that it was not a heavenly one'. About the loveliness of Stockholm and its world-famous *Stadhus* Miss Rothery is lyrical. As one closes her charming volume one asks oneself whether Sweden can ever before have entertained so appreciative, so rapturous, a visitor.

### The Claws of Africa. By Roger Courtney Harrap. 8s. 6d.

It takes all sorts to make a world, and when well done it is good to have the tale of their different sides of life, told by those who see them. In a country like Kenya, which rightly considers its wild life an asset, and uses it as a magnet to attract the tourist, there has arisen a new and honourable profession; that of the white hunter, in which company Mr. Courtney holds a distinguished place. In this book he sheds interesting light upon his work, and incidentally on different types of clients, besides telling in a straightforward way of the hazards of the chase for the man whose duty it is to take them. To him, for instance, falls the unenviable task of following up and despatching a lion wounded by the uncertain aim of his excited employer, while at times he may encounter in a few long minutes enough thrills to last a lifetime, as when he met rhino after rhino in a maze of narrow thicket tunnels. To the African hunter this is the chief plum in the book. 'It was like standing in a tunnel in the Underground with the train rushing on one. There was a tremendous sensation of helplessness. The rhino filled the tunnel, just as the underground train fills its tube'. For the more ordinary reader—that is, for those whose specialities do not include big game—there are many human touches. Some of the flotsam of Africa, men with kind hearts and feelings but weak wills, who drift about the continent, and settle down—and down: sketches of native customs, including a good chapter on the human leopard society; little cameos of Persian ruins on the coast, and a terrible experience on a mountain in Tanganyika Territory of which Mr. Courtney says with delightful candour 'I have been scared stiff scores of times, but never more than when under that avalanche of ashes on the slopes of the Mountain of God'.

Mr. Courtney, although only thirty-one, has already had an old buccaneer's full share of adventure, and it is good to read of a life like this, because it represents a fine, clean type of robust manhood which is rather refreshing. Some of his remarks are immature, but that is natural and does not matter; they are fresh and virile as is his writing throughout, though the latter has a distinct blending with the poetic at times. One cannot trace any exaggeration in the book, nor twisting of the truth, for which it is much to be commended. Of old, men like Cotton Oswell, Selous, Newmann made their living fearlessly by hunting. Times have changed; even for poachers there remain now but few pet reserves, and the lineal successors of those epic nimrods are the white hunters who act as guide, philosopher and friend to moneyed tourists. When actually on a job, which is by no means always, they earn big money, but no one who reads this book can doubt that they do earn it.



## New Novels

*Resurrection.* By William Gerhardi. Cassell. 7s. 6d.

*Women Must Work.* By Richard Aldington. Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.

*Captain Nicholas.* By Hugh Walpole. Macmillan. 7s. 6d.

Reviewed by EDWIN MUIR

**R**ESURRECTION is a work so comprehensive in plan and so various in quality that in a short review one is likely to do less than justice to its virtues and ignore some of its defects. It sets out to demonstrate the immortality of the soul. Mr. Gerhardi bases his proof of this on an experience of his own (he is himself the hero of the story, and the events with which he deals are actual events); and he calls in to support him Mr. J. W. Dunne's *An Experiment with Time*, Proust's theory of the vases 'suspended at the height of our years', a poem by Goethe, and finally his own life as it exists in his memory. His theory is that after death our life is resurrected, not in the order in which we lived it, that is the order of Time, but at will, by the mere process of recollecting it. Nothing is until it is ended, and we shall only possess our lives in their resurrection beyond Time. Mr. Gerhardi's personal evidence for this theory is an experience he had outside his body. Taking this as the basis of his proof of immortality, he builds up an argument to which he applies all his powers of intellect and imagination. The result is a book which is easily the best he has written, and also, I think, one of the most remarkable that have appeared in our time.

The plan of the book reminds one in different ways of Sterne, Proust and Gide. It is a novel about a novelist writing a novel (a class of which Sterne was the father), and probably no better form could have been devised for the author's purpose, which is to concentrate every argument he can think of, from experience, memory, reason and past literature on the theory which he is trying to establish, while at the same time allowing for the objections of the other characters with whom he discusses it. These discussions are, I think, the weakest part of the book; Mr. Gerhardi cannot help seeing his objectors satirically; and although the result is sometimes good social comedy, the method obviously prejudices the argument. It mixes up two kinds of dialogue, so that the book sometimes reads like a spirited collaboration between Plato and Tchekhov. This probably exaggerates the fault somewhat, and the dialogue also shifts so often from the one level to the other that it is sometimes difficult to see where the emphasis is unfair. These dialogues are essential to the plan of the book, and they are brilliantly sustained, but they do not form the chief part of it. The main aim of the story is imaginatively to resurrect the hero's past life in its perfection, out of Time, a task which Mr. Gerhardi holds is also man's chief end. There are the most beautiful and strange things in this evocation of the past, as well as excellent comedy; and though uneven, the whole is held together by the author's unswerving purpose. Nevertheless, the unevenness of his work is occasionally disconcerting, as in the following passage:

The important thing about presenting travel—I said as an aside in my book—is that it should be felt to be bits of comedy in a dream which is within another larger dream. It's the colour of the sky, the new feeling contained in a dream that matters. Note that. Action is merely the vehicle, the mechanical contrivance for conveying these dreams. Unless the cells of action release their living prisoner they are dead stones. The prisoner is released, but he escapes and none can find him. No one remembers his name. But he must exist. He is hiding in another field. In a higher-dimensional field, immune from our laws of Time. There one day we shall find him.

Oh, the dust! Our emotions all choked with dust—let's clean them. Resurrection in the form of restoration? Cleansed. Antiques repaired: mellowness of time, however, preserved.

The first paragraph is a good example of Mr. Gerhardi's style at its best, the second of what he occasionally falls to. As a whole, however, the book is brilliantly written, in a light and supple rhythm which is not retarded by the most difficult obstacles and is of delightful ingenuity and resource. Mr. Gerhardi stages his demonstration at a London party, where many people well known in the newspaper columns are present. This setting produces an effect of incongruity which is probably intended, but is not, I think, artistically effective. When Mr. Gerhardi applies himself to this form of comedy he uses only the surface of his mind; and if it is true, as he says, that life creates itself only in memory, then it is clear that his memory of

these scenes is too short. *Resurrection* is uneven, then, and in some ways unsatisfactory; but it is an eloquent piece of philosophical imagination, and anyone who reads it once with appreciation is bound to return to it again.

*Women Must Work* is not concerned with the questions that Mr. Gerhardi deals with but, like Mr. Aldington's other novels, with the practical problems of living in the present-day world. The author follows the career of an English girl, born and brought up in a town on the south coast, who finds her middle-class home irksome, resolves to 'live her own life', runs off to London, and after many hardships, and an unhappy love affair, achieves wealth and comfort, but not human contentment. The first part of the book, describing her childhood and youth, is probably the best, for Mr. Aldington is always very effective in a French eighteenth-century way when he writes about the pre-war world. His portrait of Etta is sympathetic and not sentimental; and although the story of her struggles is an implicit criticism of the society which made them necessary, she never degenerates into the head of a sermon. Mr. Aldington's satire has lost the savageness which it had in *Death of a Hero*, but it is still very effective and always on the point. It weakens somewhat with the progress of the story; at the end Etta is not so clearly seen to be the victim of society as at the beginning. Perhaps this is because the object of Mr. Aldington's satire is deviation from human decency in its various forms, and when Etta herself deviates—by becoming a hard-faced go-getter—he cannot satirise her as he would any other woman in her place, for the story itself is an explanation of how she came to be what she was, and there is no room left for disapproval, therefore, far less censure. This difficulty, implicit in the theme itself, somewhat weakens the effect of the book, for one cannot wholeheartedly blame the world for being what it is if one excuses an individual for the same thing. Mr. Aldington describes his scenes with exquisite freshness when he is at his best, as he is several times in this story. Occasionally, however, he gives the impression of carelessly improvising, and the story is not so dramatically effective as *The Colonel's Daughter*.

Mr. Walpole's observation has not the freshness of Mr. Aldington's: one becomes immediately conscious of that in turning to his latest novel, *Captain Nicholas*. Mr. Walpole has a genuine sense of the ubiquity of human weakness which should keep his characters in focus; but he surrounds that weakness with something which looks very like a halo, and thereupon it is disconcertingly transmuted. He perceives the reality and then involuntarily changes it, covering up a weakness with another weakness. Almost all the characters in *Captain Nicholas* have weaknesses in abundance, but after Mr. Walpole is finished with them they emerge simply as good if somewhat woolly people. One might say of most of them what Mr. Walpole says of Charles, the amiable husband: 'he was not such a fool as this sounds'. Captain Nicholas himself is not only weak but bad, and as Mr. Walpole consequently does not endow him with a halo, he is the best character in the book. An adventurer with a malicious heart but charming manners, he installs himself in his married sister's home in London and before he leaves again has all the family at sixes and sevens. It is difficult to make convincing a character deliberately and methodically evil, and Mr. Walpole has not quite succeeded: Captain Nicholas is too amply helped by the stupidity of the good characters. There are one or two fine scenes in the book, but the spiritual drama, the conflict between good and evil, is outlined with such sketchiness and confused with so much vague sentiment that it is difficult to take seriously.

Mr. Muir also recommends: *Candles in the Storm*, by R. Robert Littell (Harpers); and *The Invaders*, by William Plomer (Cape)—each 7s. 6d.

The account of Lamont's contribution to astronomy, reprinted in our issue of September 26, was taken from impressions of the Aberdeen Meeting in the British Association broadcast by Mr. Allen Ferguson, Assistant Professor in Physics, East London College, and not by Mr. David Maugham, whose name, by a regrettable error, was appended.